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THE PRINCE CONSORT.

THE literary remains of the PRINCE CONSORT, which are contained in the volume that has just been published by Mr. MURRAY, comprise nothing but his speeches on public occasions, and the memorandum which he drew up in reference to the office of Commander-in-Chief. It seems a slender memorial of a life so energetic and so creative. But, such as it is, it will help the community that still mourns his loss to a knowledge of him that they never possessed before. He was not, and could not be, well known to the majority of the QUEEN's subjects. His speeches, of course, were reported at the time; but the occasions upon which they were delivered were not of that contentious and exciting kind which invite the close attention of readers of the daily papers. Those who were in a position to judge of his career knew how constantly the welfare of his adopted country was in his thoughts, and how much labour and ability he devoted to its furtherance. But to the vast majority, who could only watch him from afar, he stood, and sought to stand, in the shadow of the Throne. They vaguely believed that the sagacity and conscientiousness which have made the present reign one of the happiest and most prosperous in English history were in a measure due to him. But they knew little for certain; and when his unexpected death awakened them to an indistinct apprehension of their loss, they took his intellectual and moral merits chiefly upon trust from those who knew him best. The collection which is contained in this volume, and the life that is prefixed, will bring his virtues and powers of mind more closely home to the nation than the mere panegyrics of admirers, however hearty.

The speeches are exclusively of that peculiar class which, by the common consent of public speakers, are admitted to be the most difficult that a man can be called upon to make. Though made on various occasions, they all belong to the family of after-dinner speeches. Their arduousness consists in the scantiness of the material upon which the orator has to work. They tax his suggestiveness more severely than any other kind of composition. Almost all other orators have something to prove, or something to refute. They are assailing or defending a policy, upholding a theory, or recommending a movement. If they are masters of their subject, their skill is only called into play to marshal clearly and express forcibly the facts and arguments which lie in abundance under their hands. But a speech on occasions of public ceremony must be neither argumentative nor persuasive. It must simply be a reproduction of sentiments in which all present are agreed. Even within the boundaries of this narrow area, the PRINCE suffered under limitations special to himself. Levity, the ordinary refuge of an orator in distress, was forbidden to him by his position. Mere declamation would, of course, have been equally undignified. He might touch no controverted topic; and was prohibited from any allusion to the political questions which are generally uppermost in the minds of educated Englishmen. Even to religion he could only venture to make the most distant reference, lest he should seem to trench upon polemics. It was his hard fate to be constantly required to make speeches which, by the law of their being, were necessarily something between a Royal Speech and a sermon. It was his singular merit that he made these speeches agreeable, lively, telling, and full not only of warm and earnest feeling, but of original and suggestive thought. What he might have been in other departments of oratory we cannot know. Whether his kindly heart could have ever reconciled itself to the gladiatorial displays by which oratorical fame is chiefly won in our time — whether he could have cultivated that keen perception of the faults and slips of others in which debating excellence consists — must be matter of mere conjecture. But few people can study this collection of his speeches without feeling that

in the hardest branch of an orator's efforts, for which he was prepared by no previous training, he succeeded as few men have ever succeeded before. To be so discreet, so kindly, so earnest, so careful to let slip no mere platitude or unmeaning phrase, and yet withhold to be never dull, is one of the highest triumphs a speaker can achieve. Forbidden to please any contentious passion or any frivolous taste, he could only attain such a result by sheer fertility of thought. It would have been a wonderful fertility in any man to have supplied good matter in such abundance under such restrictions; but it was far more wonderful in one born to be exempt from the usual incentives to self-culture.

The moral excellences of the PRINCE may to a considerable extent be gathered from these speeches. The zeal which he showed in furthering every kind of progress, his many-sided sympathy for the manifold wants of the poor, his impartial earnestness in promoting their bodily health and comfort, as well as their intellectual and moral culture — all these things would have been very praiseworthy in a despotic sovereign. Less benevolence has sufficed to canonize monarchs of an elder day. But the benevolence from which these efforts proceeded was not so striking or so exceptional as the self-restraint which they indicated. To appreciate properly the balance of his great qualities, it must be remembered that the man who showed all this earnestness to make the utmost of his position for the benefit of his country was also the irresponsible adviser of a Constitutional Sovereign; and that no single Minister in the course of twenty years has had reason to complain of his undue interference in that capacity. It is easy to imagine an indolent Consort abstaining, indeed, from unconstitutional action, but making the delicacy of his position an excuse for total inactivity. It is easy to imagine a prince in the same position full of zeal to do good, and throwing, after the manner of zealous men, the whole political system of the country into confusion by impatience of contradiction or constraint. But the union of the two opposite excellences is rare indeed. Zeal that will bear to be debarred from all the most inviting fields of action without suffering its own ardour to be quenched, or fretting in sullen inactivity, is a grace seldom vouchsafed to man. The same remarkable self-restraint is brought out still more strikingly in the correspondence that relates to his refusal of the Commandership-in-Chief. All the instincts of a German Prince would naturally have urged him to accept the office which the DUKE, in extreme age, was unwise enough to press on him. He had already betrayed, in slight matters, an inclination to reform the small abuses which lie thickly strewn in the organization of the English army. Nothing could be more tempting than the prospect of carrying on, at his own discretion, and without interference, benevolent schemes which would operate over so wide an area, and would return so large and early a harvest of good. But he had made up his mind that his true field of activity was in the shade, and from that resolution he would suffer neither zeal nor ambition to seduce him. When we remember the temporary storm that burst over the Horse Guards in the year 1855, we have deep reason to congratulate ourselves upon our escape from the political embarrassments which his self-abnegation spared us.

The sketch which introduces the documentary matter of the volume is well executed, by a writer who knows how to prevent the expression of sympathy from degenerating into courtiership. A vein of deep sadness runs through it, which the lapse of a year's time has not availed to soften. A few words are also added to introduce the memorandum in which the transactions relating to the Commandership-in-Chief are related. In some of these, traceable perhaps to another hand, there is a moving pathos to which few will be insensible: — "In allowing this memorandum of the PRINCE to be published, the QUEEN is also actuated by another motive, in addition to those which have already been mentioned. It

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"affords Her MAJESTY a fitting opportunity for expressing, "in the most clear and ample manner, that which for many "years she has desired to express. During the PRINCE's life, "the QUEEN often longed to make known to the world the "ever-present, watchful, faithful, invaluable aid which she "received from the PRINCE CONSOFT in the conduct of public "affairs. Her MAJESTY could hardly endure, even then, to "be silent on this subject, and not to declare how much her "reign owed to him. And now the QUEEN can no longer "refrain from uttering what she has so long felt, and from "proclaiming the irreparable loss to the public service, as "well as to herself and her family, which the PRINCE's death "has occasioned.

"The position of Her MAJESTY, for many years accus- "tomed to this loving aid, and now suddenly bereft of it, can "with difficulty be imagined to the full extent of its heaviness "and sadness. Desolate and sombre, as the QUEEN most "deeply feels, lies the way before her—a path, however, of "duty and of labour, which, relying on the loyal attachment "and sympathy of her people, she will, with God's blessing, "strive to pursue; but where, she fears, her faltering steps "will show they lack the tender and affectionate support "which on all occasions Her MAJESTY was wont to receive "from her beloved husband the PRINCE."

The mournful feelings under which the above lines were penned will be deeply shared by all who read this book. But it will do more than foster a sorrow that is unavailing now. It will hold up, to all who are in any degree entrusted with the interests of their fellow-men, a pattern of pure single-heartedness and unflagging self-denial that is rare in the dwellings of princes, and has never been surpassed by any public man.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

IN some respects, the PRESIDENT's Message to Congress is the most creditable document which has been issued in Federal America since the commencement of the war. If Mr. LINCOLN is deficient in wisdom, in foresight, and in firmness, he at least abstains from participating in the blustering ferocity which habitually disgraces the Republican platform, the pulpit, and the press. In language and sentiment, the Message might have been written by a European who acknowledged the Old World restraints of honesty and good breeding. From beginning to end, there is not a spiteful phrase, not an insult to foreign Powers, and not a trace of bloodthirsty animosity against the Seceders. The PRESIDENT neither expresses the gratitude which is professed by his supporters for the offer of French mediation, nor does he think it necessary to echo the resentment against the persevering neutrality of England. The expression of his regret at the continued acknowledgment of the Confederates as belligerents is at the same time courteous in form, and touching in its simplicity. It is evident that Mr. LINCOLN really believes that the more successful combatant in the greatest war of modern times ought not even to be regarded as a belligerent. It is true that his own Government has been compelled to allow the enemy all the ordinary rights of war; but the incapacity to understand that neutrals necessarily recognise the same obvious facts, is in itself a proof of genuine and awkward sincerity. The same amiable obtuseness is displayed in the PRESIDENT's singular boast that he has abstained from taking any part in European wars or revolutions. If his leisure had allowed him to read the newspapers, he would have learned that in the past year there has been neither war nor revolution for him to share in, beyond the limits of his own unfortunate country. Nevertheless, it is better to indulge in a few harmless blunders than to imitate the majority of his predecessors by appealing to the national hatred of England. The introductory part of the Message is comparatively unimportant, as the PRESIDENT reserves all his energies for the practical proposal to which he asks the sanction and assistance of Congress. Believing that he has at last discovered a method of reconciling the disaffected States, he proves, with superfluous earnestness, that it would be cheaper to compensate the slaveowners than to carry out emancipation by war. In consideration of the prejudices and economical difficulties which stand in the way of Abolition, Mr. LINCOLN proposes to allow the long interval of thirty-seven years, or the lifetime of an entire generation. In defending himself against the charge of excessive moderation, he points out, with unusual sagacity, the inconvenience which might attend too sudden a social revolution. Although he still adheres to his impracticable project of removing the coloured population from American soil, he reproves with indignant good sense the vulgar jealousy of a supposed competition with white labour.

As he forcibly observes, the emancipated negroes would either remain where they are, or, migrating to the North, they would leave their present occupations open to white settlers, who might take their place. On the whole, it may be admitted that the plan would be feasible and advantageous if only it were about to be adopted.

Americans are the only competent judges of questions which arise on the interpretation of their own constitutional law; yet foreigners may be reasonably surprised that the PRESIDENT should overload his proposal with the cumbersome machinery which alone can effect an amendment in the Constitution. Two-thirds of both Houses must propose the additional article for the consideration of State Legislatures or Conventions; and before the change can take effect, three-fourths of the States, including seven at least of the Slave States, must approve of the amendment. It is only suggested, in substance, that States which abolish slavery before the year 1900 shall be entitled to a certain rate of compensation from the Federal Treasury. In the last Session, the PRESIDENT induced Congress to bid for the allegiance of the Border States by a precisely similar offer, and slavery was actually abolished in the district of Columbia by an Act which provided compensation to the owners. If the Federal Legislature can buy off servitude in any part of the Union, it must be equally competent, under the existing Constitution, to make the tender of compensation general. In making the consent of several hostile Conventions a condition precedent to the adoption of his measure, the PRESIDENT seems to invite inevitable disappointment. The amount which would be required for the purchase of four millions of negroes is not a conclusive objection to the plan, for an equal sum will be absorbed by two or three years of continued war; and Mr. LINCOLN argues that the burden will probably be shared, in the year 1900, by five or six times the number of the present population. It would be easy to show that his estimate is exaggerated, but there can be no doubt that, with peace and prosperity, the United States will soon outnumber any of the nations of Europe. Every honest and loyal citizen would willingly buy back the adhesion of the South at a price which would probably not exceed the amount of the English National Debt.

The candour of the proposal, and the ingenuity which is shown in the answers to possible objections, tend at first to produce the same careless credulity which was more deliberately cultivated by the genius of SWIFT and DEFOE. The scheme is as complete as the cave of Robinson Crusoe, or as the proportions of the King of Lilliput. Its stereoscopic solidity seems to invite the touch, and yet a moment's reflection shows that it is no more substantial than a jest or a dream. The PRESIDENT is moving in an imaginary region, where he has forgotten, for the moment, New Orleans and General BUTLER, his own Negro Proclamation, the murders committed by M'NEIL in Missouri, and the armies which are watching one another across the Rappahannock. The gulf of blood which now separates North and South is bridged over, in his vision, until he actually imagines that South Carolina would hold a Convention to consider an amendment, proposed by a Congress in which the State is not represented, to a Constitution which the same State has repudiated and abandoned. Mr. LINCOLN has not even considered the necessity of allowing an armistice for the consideration of his terms of peace, and he certainly is not prepared to suspend the blockade while the States of the Confederacy are discharging their supposed obligations to the Federal Constitution. Through his sleep-walking delusion, there penetrates some faint reminiscence of a precisely opposite policy which has not even now been renounced. The Proclamation which confiscates all the slaves of rebels—or, in other words, all the slaves in America—is to be put in force on January 1, 1863; and yet a gradual and voluntary emancipation is to proceed until the end of the century. For practical purposes, it is idle to distinguish between disloyal owners and the general body of slaveholders in the Confederate States. If the negroes belonging to Seceders are to be set free by force, compensation for the residue will be easily provided. The plundered victims of the lawless Proclamation control the policy of the States which, in Mr. LINCOLN's day-dream, are to vote for voluntary and compensated abolition. It seems that the PRESIDENT can, by his single voice, annihilate any description of property; but the Federal Constitution must be remodelled before any chattel can be bought for the public service.

The oddity of the PRESIDENT's mental condition would be best understood by an American with the aid of an imaginary illustration from a hypothetical history of the former unnatural rebellion. If Lord NORTH had, in 1781, proposed to surrender the

duties on the tea which was thrown six years before into Boston harbour, the Continental Congress and General WASHINGTON would probably have thought that ill fortune had disturbed the English Minister's intellect. The terms which Mr. LINCOLN gravely offers might have been obtained by the Confederates before the war, or at any moment during its continuance. It might possibly still be their interest to re-enter the Union on conditions which are essentially equitable; but they are fighting for independence, and if for slavery, still not for the price of their slaves. Mr. LINCOLN's argument that the United States ought to be restored because their territory is almost as large as Europe, is sufficiently answered by the determination of the larger geographical portion to establish a separate Government. If, contrary to all reasonable expectation, the PRESIDENT's offer were accepted by the South, the friends of humanity would rejoice in the happy termination of a war which would have proved itself, by such a result, to be absolutely wanton and purposeless. As the contingency is not worth considering, the PRESIDENT can only be congratulated on producing a manifesto which is morally unobjectionable.

MR. BRIGHT'S "WILD SHRIEK OF FREEDOM."

WHEN an opera heroine goes mad, she is always made to betray her melancholy condition by incoherently singing snatches of the best songs she had sung while she was sane. It is by the light of some such practice that we must read Mr. BRIGHT's speech at Birmingham. Taken as a sane speech, it would be a puzzling production from a man of his reputed power. It is a jumble of wild rhapsodies, with so little mutual connexion that in one place he actually contrives so to put his sentences together as to say that the probable abolition of slavery in the Southern States, in consequence of this war, is a measureless calamity. But as an evidence of the state of mind to which the collapse of his Transatlantic ideal has reduced him, it is constructed with perfect theatrical propriety. All the old favourite melodies with which we have been familiar for the last twenty years reappear in beautiful disorder in this closing composition. The *motif* of some twenty Indian speeches is first lightly rehearsed, relieved by a few roulades of new statistics. Slight threads of the well-known *fantasias*, "Our Norman Masters," and "Our "untaxed Press," are occasionally woven into the accompaniment. An affectionate apostrophe to his colleague follows. A beautiful touch of nature may be traced in the capricious fickleness peculiar to the insane with which the refractory Mr. SCHOLEFIELD is handled. In one place, he is a kind and affectionate brother. Directly afterwards he is, by implication, classed among "the rich men deprived by their riches," and it is even suggested that he is a sympathizer with those "who would barter the rights of millions that they might bask "in the smiles of the great." Then come our old favourites, the costly monarchy, the aristocracy creating and living on patronage, the great army and navy, the suffering millions "to "be discontented and overthrown"—whatever that may mean—from all which things England is suffering and America is free. And finally come a few bars from the great Reform solo—Mr. BRIGHT's most celebrated performance: "In America "there are no six millions of men excluded by the Constitution from political rights; there is a free Church, a free school, a free hand, a free vote, a free career for the child "of the humblest. No! countrymen who work for your living, remember that there will be one wild shriek of freedom, to startle all mankind, if that Republic is "overthrown." Whenever that last-named musical performance comes off we trust that a prominent part in the chorus will be assigned to Mr. BRIGHT. We know of no one more capable, both by long practice and natural gifts, of executing a "wild shriek" with effect.

But if there is a beautiful and artistic, there is also a painful aspect of the mental affliction which has fallen on Mr. BRIGHT. It is clear that his melancholy condition precludes him from having access to the ordinary channels of information. He evidently has never heard of Fort M'Henry and Fort Lafayette, or even of Generals M'NEIL and BUTLER; or otherwise he would not talk of the free hand, the free vote, and the free career for the child of the humblest. He is wholly ignorant of the fact that the power of imprisonment without cause alleged, or trial had, is quite as unlimited as in any Continental State; or that Congress has just refused to question the despotic powers, in this respect, which the PRESIDENT claims and exercises. He has never apparently read an account of the manner in which free votes have been exercised in the States of Maryland and Missouri, under the protection of the Federal soldiery. He does not even appear to have read the American constitution; or else he would know that by the laws of the North, as well as of the

South, the children of the humblest, if they chance to have a drop of black blood in their veins, have not only no "free vote and free career," but are turned out of many of the largest States, and are allowed a vote in none. He cannot even have read the accounts that the Americans themselves give of their own country, when he asserts that in America there is "no aristocracy creating and living on patronage." It is true the aristocracy was, and is, one of adventurers and wire-pullers; and it is possible that Mr. BRIGHT looks upon it with sympathy on that account. But that it creates and lives on patronage, the most fanatical Republican has never ventured to deny.

Perhaps the strangest and most delirious portion of all his speech is that in which he sketches a new Indian policy, for the purpose of obtaining cotton. One is inclined to doubt whether all the world is not a dream, or whether the electric telegraph is not possessed by a lying demon of Protectionist sympathies, when we find it reported that Mr. BRIGHT is recommending the payment of a Government bounty to the landlord—in the shape of a remission of land-tax—for the purpose of encouraging the growth of a particular crop. We may soon expect to see Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS at an Abolition meeting, and Lord PALMERSTON elected President of the Peace Society. It is said that one of the most horrible symptoms of a certain sort of insanity is that the persons who have been the most piously brought up always distinguish themselves by the most frightful outbursts of profanity. We require some such theory to account for this appalling lapse from the pure gospel of Free Trade. If the land-tax is remitted upon the cotton lands, the deficiency will have to be made up by other classes of the community. In other words, the other classes of the community will have to pay a bounty to the landowners to induce them to grow cotton. We think we remember, some years ago, that there were politicians who recommended that the other classes of the community should be taxed in order to encourage landlords to grow wheat. When Mr. BRIGHT opposed that delusion with no little virulence, it used to be imagined that he was disinterestedly propagating a great economical discovery. He now, however, proclaims to the world that he, like everybody else, is a Free-trader, but "with an exception." Protection for the benefit of the English landlord is a horrible robbery; protection for the benefit of the Lancashire manufacturer is a righteous measure of finance. Verily the manes of Lord GEORGE BENTINCK are fully avenged. There is a great deal of poetical justice running through this speech. Poor Lord BROUGHTON—the seditious House of old days, the friend of the people, the Radical member for Westminster—little thought, when he was being sent to prison by his Tory adversaries, that he should live to be denounced as an aristocratic "master" of the people, or to be twitted with "aping "the Norman style." But his fate is nothing to the Nemesis that has pursued Mr. BRIGHT, and forced him to pillory himself before the world. Mr. BRIGHT became a Protectionist on behalf of Lancashire, and a defender of war on behalf of America, is an illustration of the political virtue of agitators which will long continue to furnish a useful warning to credulous politicians.

That, having been so severe upon himself, he should be somewhat unfair upon his opponents, is scarcely a matter of surprise. He may be accurate in the exposition of his own feelings; but when he speaks of the feelings of the Confederates, or of the grounds of the sympathy they have met with in England, he is dealing with mere figments of his own brain. If the Southerners had seceded to save slavery, their infatuation would have been without a parallel in the history of mankind; for they were exposing slavery to the most trying danger through which it has ever passed. Their motive was far more simple. They seceded because they hated the Northerners, and would not be ruled by them. It was the same reason as that which made Belgium revolt from Holland, and induced the Lombards to try and shake off the Austrian yoke long before it had become oppressive. It is of little use to enter into the causes of these national antipathies. Sometimes they have a foundation—sometimes they are perfectly groundless. But, whatever their origin, we have always recognised the right of any nation to act on them, if it can. It is obvious that the antipathy of the South, even if it had been imaginary at first, has now so firm a root in the atrocities that have been practised by Federal commanders and satraps, that the possibility of its being trampled out by conquering armies has become a dream. The sympathy which was at first withheld from them, and is now accorded to them so universally in England, rests on no tenderness for slavery. Most of us are agreed with the opinion of Mr. BRIGHT—somewhat heedlessly suffered to escape from his lips—that but for the Secession of the South nothing but a miracle could

have hastened the abolition of slavery. But Englishmen genuinely feel that horror of causeless war which Mr. BRIGHT finds it so easy to put off or to put on at pleasure. They have no sympathy with that reckless lust of territory, be it exhibited at Washington or at Vienna, which spares no freedom, and shrinks from no bloodshed, so that its ambitious ends can be attained. Mr. BRIGHT closes his peroration by denouncing those who seek "to wade through slaughter to a throne, and 'shut the gates of mercy on mankind.'" Is not the description strictly applicable to those who profess themselves prepared to wage a sanguinary war to the bitter end—not to abolish slavery, for they have disclaimed that object—but simply that their territory may be more vast, and their national power more formidable against others?

GREECE AND THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

IF the Greeks cannot have an English King, they are determined to make the offer before they accept a refusal. It is difficult to say whether the reported cession of the Ionian Islands is a cause or a consequence of their remarkable unanimity; and critical inquiry into the authenticity of the rumour would not have suited the purpose of the population or of their leaders. It will be time enough for the Greeks to undeceive themselves, if necessary, when they have tested the efficacy of their ready faith in realizing the object of their desire. The ordinary rules of evidence are not indispensable conditions of popular belief. Fame, according to the ancient expression, grows by moving, and the direction in which she travels matters little. When the intended abandonment of the Septinsular Protectorate was announced at Athens by telegraph, it was not asked whether the message was forwarded from London, from Liverpool, from Marseilles, or, perhaps, from some neighbouring street. The statement first assumes a definite shape when it is telegraphed back to England, and is quoted in a semi-official newspaper without a formal contradiction. The rumour may hereafter be possibly confirmed by experience, but at present it is either a conjecture, a feeler, or at most the projected shadow of a coming event. Before the Protectorate can be renounced, the English Government must determine on adopting the measure; Parliament must sanction it; and the Powers which signed the Treaties of 1815 must give their consent. It is hardly probable that the Cabinet has as yet discussed the subject, even if Lord PALMERSTON and his principal colleagues have taken it into consideration. An anonymous telegram and a mysterious paragraph form but unsubstantial grounds for a national conviction; but, in the meantime, the promoters of the movement find their account in converting the abandonment of the Islands into an open question. The English, like all other expansive races, are habitually unwilling to contract the frontiers of the Empire. The voluntary renunciation of a province in Southern Africa, and the evacuation of Honduras and the Mosquito Coast, in deference to the remonstrances of the United States, furnish recent precedents for the withdrawal of the landmarks of English sovereignty; but few politicians are even aware of transactions which affect only remote and barbarous regions. The evacuation of the Ionian Islands would be an event of European importance; and, if it takes place, the first step will not consist in a telegraphic announcement that the cession is completed.

Although it is scarcely probable that foreign Powers would insist on the maintenance of the English protectorate, the transfer of the islands to Greece, if it were otherwise thought expedient, would require careful diplomatic preparation. It is not the true policy of England to treat as invalid the residue which subsequent events have spared of the Treaties of 1815; and in alienating, as a simple possession, dominions which are held under a definite trust, the English Government would commit an act of usurpation which might serve as a pretext elsewhere for more selfish encroachments. One of the objects of the existing arrangement was the exclusion of Russia from the shores of the Mediterranean; nor is it less desirable to provide against the establishment of a French military port on the Eastern side of the Adriatic. Before Corfu is surrendered, it will be necessary to stipulate, not merely that it shall belong to the kingdom of Greece, but that no other Power shall hereafter acquire it, either by negotiation or by force. The holder of such a security may reasonably refuse to part with it, except to a responsible and solvent transferee. It would also be proper to take some precaution against the annoyance which might be caused to Turkey by the introduction of an unfriendly Power into the immediate vicinity of a disaffected province. Although the population of Corfu is principally Greek, the island itself is remote

from the present frontier of the kingdom, while it is only separated by a narrow strait from the Turkish territory of Albania. The possible claim to the intervening districts, as necessary to the integrity of the kingdom, must be expressly renounced by Greece, if the annexation is ever seriously proposed.

It must not be forgotten that the project probably involves a serious injury to the islanders themselves. There can be little doubt, notwithstanding the factious follies of successive Assemblies, that the respectable classes almost unanimously prefer the mild and regular Government of England to the experiment of union with a country which has hitherto only known how to temper anarchy by corruption. The gentry, and, perhaps, the peasantry, would willingly acquiesce in the system which displeases the agitators of the towns. In the Ionian Islands, as in greater Republics far off, there is a strong presumption against every politician, and a moderate and intelligent Corfiote has a better excuse than an American for his helplessness under a system for which a foreign Government is responsible. It pleased an English High Commissioner and an English Secretary of State to bestow on the Ionian Islands a Constitution which might have been thought the worst that was possible if Mr. GLADSTONE had not devised an aggravation of its evils. It is true that it has only been preserved, like bottled fruits, by habitual suspension of its vitality; but the Protecting Government ought to have vested the internal administration of the Republic in the hands of the intelligent and wealthy portion of the community. The argument is not conclusive against the surrender, but if the question is to be raised, it may be prudent to remember that it is by no means one-sided. The more enthusiastic supporters of the Greek pretensions have, perhaps, not even considered the necessity of providing for the pensions to which the credit of England is virtually pledged; but the incumbencies on the Ionian finances would be justly dissatisfied by an assignment of the charge to the Treasury of Athens.

The interest of England in retaining the Protectorate is insignificant, if not imaginary. The contribution of the Islands to the expenses of the English naval and military administration amounts to 38,000*l.* a-year, an income which by no means represents the Imperial expenditure on the fortifications of Corfu. A foreign Government might, perhaps, increase the moderate duties on imports; but, at present, there is no privilege or discriminating rate in favour of English manufacturers, nor is the consumption of a stationary population of a quarter of a million in any way important to commerce. The military value of Corfu is questionable, although a blundering official writer formerly argued that the fortress commanded the Adriatic, because a Russian frigate had not ventured to expose itself to certain capture by returning from Trieste to the Mediterranean. The garrison would be better employed in guarding the vast defences of Malta than in watching hostile fleets through telescopes, as they sailed far out of range of the batteries. The qualified sovereignty which is conferred by the Treaty is itself an anomaly; for, in contemplation of law, the Ionian Republic is already a foreign State. The Court of Admiralty, in the last war, released from capture an Ionian vessel which had traded with a Russian port, on the ground of the neutrality of the Republic; and yet the Ionians in foreign countries enjoy English protection, especially in the Levant, where they contribute far more than their share to the criminal population of the ports. On the whole, the reasons in favour of a future cession seem to preponderate, but only on the condition that the Government of Greece succeeds in establishing order and tolerable administration at home. If the Protectorate is abandoned, the transfer will, unfortunately, not take the form of an apanage bestowed on an English candidate for the throne. The Greeks, however, with an Oriental belief in personal influences, are supposed, in default of Prince ALFRED, to think of nominating Mr. GLADSTONE or Lord STANLEY. It would be cruel to silence a great orator by compelling him to use a foreign language; but both candidates are undeniably remarkable for their acquirements and abilities. It might also be advantageous to import the heir of an earldom which is far more richly endowed than the kingdom of Greece.

THE FINANCE OF THE UNITED STATES.

IF Mr. CHASE's facts could be entirely trusted, his position, bad as it is, might be thought better than he had any right to anticipate. He conjectures that the outstanding liabilities not yet brought to account do not exceed the sum of 2,500,000*l.*, which amount at the close of the financial year remained in the Treasury as a nominal surplus. It is not easy

to reconcile this assumption with the tales of unpaid bounty and arrears of pay with which the New York press has teemed; but taking Mr. CHASE's own figures, the result of the year ending on the 30th of June last may be thus summed up. The whole expenditure of the year was a little less than 100,000,000*l.*—about the amount, if we remember right, which Mr. CHASE predicted in advance. This, however, by no means represents the present rate of expenditure demanded by the war, the strength of the army having been largely increased since the defeat in the Peninsula, and the cost of operations perhaps still more largely enhanced.

The safest augury for the future will be supplied by seeing how the comparatively moderate outlay of the past year has been met, and this appears clearly enough from the report. Between ten and eleven millions, or rather more than 10 per cent. of the amount, was raised by taxation. About 40,000,000*l.* was got together by loans of various kinds, having two years and upwards to run. A further sum of 33,000,000*l.* was provided by the easy process of issuing inconvertible notes, and the remaining gap was filled up by certificates of indebtedness and other temporary expedients. This at least is the form in which the account is presented after excluding some further temporary loans effected for the purpose of paying off the matured obligations of the previous year. The upshot therefore is, that a tenth of the expenditure has been paid out of the revenue, just one half out of taxes and regular loans combined, and the other half by the issue of notes and I. O. U.'s. By these simple contrivances the year has been tided over; and unsatisfactory as the account may appear, it would not be easy to say how Mr. CHASE could have kept the administrative machine at work by any better contrivances.

The important inquiry now is, how the resources needed for 1863 and 1864 are to be furnished. It is obvious that an unlimited amount of nominal money might be raised by giving increased activity to the note-printing engines; and to this tempting though fatal expedient the government of the United States is certain to come if every other resource should fail. But in his promises Mr. CHASE is a very orthodox financier, and he really does seem to appreciate the formidable evils of an unlimited issue of paper, in spite of the flimsy arguments by which he endeavours to prove that the premium on gold does not represent an actual depreciation of the currency. Nothing can be more decided than his declarations that he will not seek to avail himself of this resource beyond the limit already authorized by Act of Congress; and as that will leave at the most only a margin of from 10,000,000*l.* to 15,000,000*l.*, it is plain that the bulk of the future expenditure must be defrayed by taxation and loans. This Mr. CHASE believes to be practicable, notwithstanding the rapid growth of the war charges. The prospects are certainly gloomy enough for the Federals, though it may well be that the pecuniary difficulties of the South are not less serious. The military and naval expenditure for 1862-3 is estimated by Mr. CHASE (after allowing for appropriations which may remain unexpended) at 130,000,000*l.* The repayment of short loans falling due, and the interest on the whole debt, will take 25,000,000*l.* more, and the total amount to be provided for all purposes is stated at 163,000,000*l.* The taxes which have been voted, but not yet enforced, may, if they can be collected in full, add considerably to the revenues of the United States; and Mr. CHASE is sanguine enough to estimate their produce at 34,000,000*l.* But even this will leave, 129,000,000*l.* to be raised, of which about one-third has already been met by issues of notes and temporary obligations—and two-thirds remains to be covered by a permanent loan. If any such sum as 80,000,000*l.* should be forthcoming, the confidence or the patriotism of the New York capitalists must be wonderfully tenacious.

But this demand is insignificant compared with that which is threatened, without the least disguise, for the year 1863-4. An estimate so far in advance can be little better than a guess; but it may be safely assumed that if the war continues, the results will not be more favourable than the predictions of the report. For some unexplained reason, the revenue is hypothetically put down at 10,000,000*l.* beyond the estimate for 1862; but the charge for war and debt grows faster than the produce of taxation, even upon paper; and after lending 40,000,000*l.* in 1861, and 38,000,000*l.* in 1862, it is expected that the people of the Northern States will be able and willing to advance in the following year the moderate sum of 130,000,000*l.* The glowing picture which is drawn of the increasing wealth and population of the Union is no doubt

intended to alleviate the dismay which such figures by themselves would be likely to occasion; and it is possible that Mr. CHASE really believes, and may induce his countrymen to believe, that loans to the aggregate amount of 250,000,000*l.* can be raised in the Federal States on easy terms within the period of three years. If these sanguine hopes should be realized, the aggregate National Debt will have reached 230,000,000*l.* in 1863, and 360,000,000*l.* in 1864. Considering that the current rate of interest is already nearly 7 per cent., and cannot but rise when the market is further flooded with Government bonds, it is certain that the annual charge of such a debt would become far greater than that which we endure, while there certainly would not be more than half the available income to support it. In other words, America would either be burdened twice as heavily as England, or else would be driven to inevitable repudiation. It is true that Mr. CHASE has a further scheme for relieving his difficulties, by substituting for the existing circulation of private banks a uniform currency of Government paper; but it is conceded that no direct aid can be obtained from this project until after some years have elapsed, and it is not unlikely that its adoption may be postponed, or its operation practically defeated, by the opposition of banking corporations whom it is scarcely safe to provoke when enormous loans are about to be introduced.

The alarming consequences suggested by the financial position of the Federal Government will not of necessity bring the war to a close; but if it is continued, it seems impossible that the further issue of Government notes should be checked. However reluctant the Minister may be to follow a course which he himself sees to be ruinous, he will have no choice but to manufacture more paper when every other resource shall have been exhausted, and this seems to be sufficiently understood by the speculators of Wall Street. The firm stand which the Government has apparently taken against any addition to the already redundant circulation ought to have tended to raise the value of the Government paper; but, on the contrary, the premium on gold—which had just before fallen on the receipt of the PRESIDENT'S Message—rose higher than ever in response to the calculations of the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY. It is not always easy to interpret the strange fluctuations of the American markets, but, so far as can be judged, these last symptoms of depression afford an unmistakeable indication of the alarm which the financial statement has produced.

In the midst of embarrassments so serious and immediate as those which surround the United States, it almost provokes a smile to find that the greater part of the elaborate Report of the Treasury is devoted to a scheme of currency which is not expected to have any immediate influence, and to the consideration of the arrangements by which the return to specie payment may be facilitated when the rebellion shall have been finally suppressed. If there were no purpose to be served by such disquisitions, they might be thought to bear testimony to the reflective and philosophic temper of a Minister who, in the midst of a crisis, can quietly amuse himself with the examination of problems entirely devoid of any present practical interest; but whether intentionally or not, the rambling inquiries into which Mr. CHASE carries his readers are admirably adapted to soothe the uneasiness which his record of the present state of affairs would be likely to produce. The growing resources of America in her still enormous territory, her increasing population, her gold mines, and her commerce, are always a fair and a popular subject for rhetoric. Even the vastness of the National Debt seems to gratify the omnivorous vanity of the people almost as much as their old privilege of being the lightest taxed nation in the world; and the cheerful way in which Mr. SECRETARY CHASE paints the coming triumph over financial disorder, and the first return to the honours of solvency and cash, must have done as much as words could do to mitigate the gloom of an almost hopeless prospect. If they have not altogether succeeded in producing the desired effect, the fault is in the circumstances of the country, and not in a Minister who has told a tale of something very like impending bankruptcy with an apparent confidence in the future which does the highest credit to his tact or his credulity.

MR. COBDEN AT MIDHURST.

MR. COBDEN has taken the opportunity of a meeting at Midhurst, in aid of the Lancashire Relief Fund, to enlarge on his favourite theme of the mutual ignorance of the North and South of England. It is quite true that this ignorance exists, although it is only a part of that general ignorance which hides from us the lives and thoughts of so many of our

neighbours, and makes us feel the circle in which we are really at home so very small a one. For the benefit of his Southern hearers, Mr. COBDEN drew a sketch of the nature and history of the cotton industry of the North; and, although there were few, if any, details in it which were absolutely new, there were many which are well worth consideration when presented by a man who has at least the gift of putting vigorously before his hearers whatever he chooses to describe. It is very desirable, in many ways, that the precise nature of this industry should be known and studied at the present crisis in every part of the Kingdom. The most striking results which we gather from Mr. COBDEN's description are the energy and spirit by which the cotton manufacture has been built up, the eagerness with which men of every degree of wealth strive to have a share in it, and the extremely speculative character of the employment. If a cotton hand, in prosperous days, saved a little money, the one object of his frugality and the one dream of his ambition was to invest his little hoard in a share of the ownership of a mill. When he became a master, and ceased to be a workman, he lived on a small part of his income, and invested his savings in more machinery and more buildings. He put all his money, as fast as he made it, into the mill, and thus, as he grew richer, his riches assumed the one shape of more bricks and more engines and looms. To all the whisperings that might have bid him pause in thus staking everything on one chance, and to all the suggestions of remote and possible calamities, he resolutely shut his ears. He did not trouble himself about the likelihood of overproduction, for the very excitement caused by occasional bad years was part of the attraction of his peculiar business; and he had, perhaps, learnt to console himself with the comforting doctrine dwelt on by Mr. COBDEN, that overproduction really augmented the demand by giving distant nations an artificial taste for the calico offered them in periods of glut at an accidentally low rate. He troubled himself equally little as to the supply of his raw material. He might, perhaps, have a dreamy apprehension that it was rather dangerous to be wholly dependent for cotton on a country liable to the risk of negro risings; but he never could have possibly anticipated that cotton would be denied because white Americans fought against each other, and England respected the rules of international law. All his views were bounded by the immediate production of cotton goods; and his only idea of the future was that of a time when he would own a larger mill and employ more hands, and turn out a still more fabulous amount of grey shirtings.

Thus Lancashire has grown and thriven until, as Mr. COBDEN says, there is scarcely one of the lonelier valleys of that damp region which did not lately resound with the buzz of the cotton mill. The sight, and even the thought, of so much industry and energy, the spectacle of so many triumphs of man over material difficulties, and of the humbly born over social obstacles, can scarcely fail to affect the imagination of any one who is so keenly alive to the merits of those whose cause he espouses as Mr. COADEN. He appears before the South as the champion and advocate of the North; and he cannot bear that this great creation of the genius and patience of the North, this splendid and gigantic branch of English manufacture, should be treated as subject to the same laws and open to the same vicissitudes as the less imposing forms of Southern industry. It is impossible not to see that throughout Mr. COBDEN's speech there lurks a feeling that the cotton trade is a special and sacred thing, not to be roughly handled like the manufacture of such simple articles as the lace of Nottingham and the ribbons of Coventry, nor to be affected by the rough winds to which agriculture is most justly exposed. Mr. COBDEN confessed that, if it were practicable, he should like to see the rules of the Poor Law overthrown, a novel exemption instituted, the creations of the admirable race of small capitalists of the North shielded from the tyrannous exaction of rates in the hour of distress, and the cotton mills nursed by a benevolent mother country through the season of distress until the good time returned, when as many hands would be employed as ever. This cannot be. It is pardonable as the dream of a man who, though stern enough when dealing out logic to his enemies, is singularly impulsive and enthusiastic in behalf of his friends; but common sense tells us that the cotton trade is exactly in the same position as any other manufacture, and must meet its difficulties as other branches of British industry have met theirs. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that however largely and long the State might extend an exceptional support to the cotton manufacture under its present difficulties, the day would suddenly dawn when all trials would be at an end, and prosperity instantly commence. The manufacturers will slowly, and by many painful

steps, emerge from the pit into which they have fallen. Cotton will begin to come in very gradually; the quantity will be scanty and precarious, and the quality variable. The millowners will have to learn by experience how many days a week they can give work, how large will be the wages they can afford to pay, and what proportion of floating to fixed capital is absolutely essential at such a time. In order to find this out, they must be left to themselves, just as the lacemakers and ribbonmakers have been. If it turn out, as may not improbably be the case, that the weaker masters cannot meet the strain, and that this feverish short-sighted anxiety to invest every possible shilling in bricks and machinery has been a mistake, those who have been guilty of it must pay the penalty of their error. The first of all truths for Lancashire to lay to heart is, that there is no difference whatever between the manufacture of cotton and that of silk, or any other product of nature, and that the same harsh but wholesome discipline must be applied to the one as to the other.

Mr. COBDEN bears witness to the soothing and tranquillizing effect which the consideration and charity of Englishmen of every rank, and in all quarters of the globe, have exercised on the minds of the suffering poor in Lancashire. He must acknowledge that the South has, in this respect, done ample justice to the North; and that not only have Southern purses been freely opened, but a ready tribute of admiration has been paid, in London and the Southern half of the kingdom, to the bravery and long-suffering of the Lancashire poor. The South has given freely, it has taken an unflagging interest in the painful history of Northern distress, and it will cheerfully aid in carrying out any scheme for assistance from the Legislature, the necessity for which may be demonstrated, and the nature of which is not to do more harm than good. Mr. COBDEN takes a very gloomy view of the future of Lancashire, and thinks that its calls on us are not nearly terminated. He does not, however, notice the probability that the cotton manufacture will soon be partially resumed; nor does he seem to fear or foresee the danger that the cotton hands should be deluded into the notion that, as they have been the ministers of a sacred and special industry, they ought to be kept from harm till the good old times come back. We wish that even the Manchester Committee would speak out a little more plainly on this head. They have an excellent example close at their doors, for the Chairman of the Manchester Board of Guardians has gained a singular and honourable distinction as the opponent, for many years, of the exemption from the operation of the Poor-law Labour Test, which was extorted by Lancashire from Lord DERBY's Government. At the last meeting of the Committee, some confusion seems to have prevailed as to the exact form of the danger to which the poor are exposed. It was asked whether the cotton hands were likely to remain in voluntary idleness, and live on charity, if they could get their old wages at the mill, which were three times as much as the sum they derived from charity and the rates? This is not the question. The poor are not to be kept by charity until they can get very high wages, but until they can get a maintenance. If the family of a cotton-hand can live on fifteen shillings a week, and that sum is offered him at a mill, he loses all claim whatever on charity if he does not accept the offer. He is not entitled to continue feeding on the benevolence of his neighbours because he once got five-and-forty shillings a week for the same work. Directly the mills offer the hands a bare maintenance, all help from every quarter ought absolutely to cease. Otherwise, the labourers in the manufacture of cotton will be receiving an exceptional protection which will demoralize them, and create a most ruinous precedent.

THE SPANIARDS AND FRENCH IN MEXICO.

THE debate in the Spanish Chamber on Mexican affairs has attracted more attention in France than in England. There can be no doubt that General PRIM's sudden withdrawal of his forces caused severe disappointment in Spain. Conscious of a rapid advance in strength and prosperity, the country is naturally anxious to mark, by an active policy, the resumption of its former rank among the great Powers of the world. The Moorish war of two years ago was almost exclusively intended to exhibit the prowess of the army and the resources of the Government; more recently, the former colony of St. Domingo was resumed with the ostensible consent of the inhabitants; and when it became necessary or expedient to extort satisfaction for Mexican misdoings, vague hopes were entertained of a possible repetition of the splendid conquest of Cortez. The interference in Mexico, which is now prosecuted exclusively by France, was, in the first instance, separately originated by Spain; and it was only when

the approaching despatch of the expedition was formally announced, that England and France proposed to take the same opportunity of enforcing the claims of their subjects. The terms of the Convention of London were necessarily vague, as the objects of the three contracting Powers were essentially different. From first to last, England only required redress for the past, and security for the future. The intentions of France were only disclosed when the strange candidature of the Archduke MAXIMILIAN was suggested, and the Emperor NAPOLEON, for a time, professed his willingness to allow Spain the most prominent share in the joint enterprise. The Count of REUS overshadowed his foreign colleagues in personal distinction and in political importance, and he apparently expected that the glory or profit of the war would accrue chiefly to himself and his country. Having his base of operations in Cuba, he was enabled to land before his allies were ready, and the extravagant language of the writers whom he employed, though it may have arisen merely from Castilian habits of grandiloquence, afforded some ground for the suspicion that he meditated schemes of conquest and annexation. If the French had been contented with a subordinate part, the discrepancy of English and Spanish policy would inevitably have betrayed itself; and it was perhaps fortunate that the alliance broke down through the collision of two rival ambitions.

The Count of REUS now professes to hold the English doctrine that a refusal to negotiate with the actual Government of Mexico was in itself an act of interference. He asserts that there is no Royalist party in the country, with the exception of ALMONTE and four or five of his associates, who have contrived to obtain the confidence of France. He might possibly have formed a different opinion if he had not discovered the aggressive character of French policy in Mexico; but he judged rightly that, in a joint conquest, the stronger confederate would dictate the policy of the alliance and appropriate the rewards of success. In the discussions which preceded the rupture, he had some reason to complain of want of courtesy and good faith, and the annoyance and disappointment which he caused by his secession in some degree confirm his estimate of French policy. M. BILLAULT, in his official account of the transaction during the debates on the Address, referred with unusual asperity to the conduct of the Spanish General; and the EMPEROR himself betrayed an unusual want of temper and prudence in the reproof which he afterwards inflicted on the Spanish Ambassador. The Spanish Government, on the whole, approved of General PRIM's proceedings; but it is evident that the failure of the Mexican scheme was in the highest degree unwelcome. Marshal O'DONNELL went so far as to propose that a new Convention should be arranged, and he would apparently have been willing to acquiesce in the French policy of occupying the city of Mexico. To the surprise and vexation of the Spanish Minister, it was answered that the co-operation of Spain would be hereafter welcome, but that, for the present, the military honour of France required the separate continuance of the war. Having, in the first instance, only taken a share in an undertaking already projected, the Emperor NAPOLEON has, by accident or design, excluded his partners, and he now refuses to form a new firm.

The extraordinary length of General PRIM's apology probably indicates a knowledge that his conduct has not given general satisfaction. It was probably judicious to abstain from participation in French projects of conquest, but the Spaniards are not satisfied with an excuse which is founded on a scrupulous regard for the independence of Mexico. They intended, like the French, to overthrow JUAREZ, and to place the clerical party in power; and General PRIM himself remonstrated when Commodore DUNLOP refused to allow MIRAMON to land at Vera Cruz. The conduct of England is perhaps more defensible than that of either Spain or France, except that it was highly inexpedient to form an alliance without more strictly defining its objects. Lord PALMERSTON's simplicity and inexperience can scarcely have led him to believe that France was sending out a costly armament merely to support negotiations, or that Spain was exclusively influenced by a pious regard for the rights of bondholders. His own agents must have satisfied him that JUAREZ and his party, with all their numerous faults, were less dishonest and savage than the clerical faction of MIRAMON and ALMONTE. It was, happily, not the duty of England to interfere with plans which could scarcely deteriorate the condition of a worthless and anarchic republic; and at the same time, it would have been absurd to fight for the Roman Catholic Church, or for the Austrian Archduke's promised crown. Having got into the scrape, the English Government adopted the best remaining course by getting out of it as speedily as possible. The motives and

feelings of Spain are more complicated, and it is not surprising that the debates in the Chamber should betray strong dissatisfaction.

The Count of REUS will nevertheless receive the approval of his countrymen, if the difficulties of the French in Mexico prove insurmountable. Whatever may be the merits of the Spanish army, French soldiers are certainly not less efficient; and if General FOREY finds it difficult to maintain himself in Mexico, it may be assumed that General PRIM would not have been more successful. The French are not likely to be defeated in the field by any army which can be collected in Mexico, and although the country has been wasted in their front, they will probably find means both of marching on the capital and of maintaining their communications with the coast. At present, it is more difficult to foresee any method by which they can honourably retire from their enterprise. The dislike of foreigners which survives the nobler elements of patriotism is teaching the very Mexicans to obey their Government, and to abstain, in the presence of an invader, from cutting each other's throats. If the exasperation of the people continues and increases, it will not even be possible to create a new Government by universal suffrage. Because France has arbitrarily excluded JUAREZ, the Mexicans will vote for no other President, or they will refuse to vote at all. The occupation of the capital will not involve the possession of the provinces, for the faint vitality of a low political organization is almost equally diffused. The alliance of the clerical faction with the intruder will furnish a reason for ecclesiastical confiscations, and purchasers of Church lands may always be relied on as steady opponents of reaction. When it is found that the Count of REUS sacrificed neither gain nor glory, his countrymen will approve of his independent action.

THE PRISON AND THE WORKHOUSE.

M R. CLAY—no mean authority on the subject—in a recent paper on the English and Irish Convict Systems, in condemnation of the English system, states summarily that "high rations and high gratuities are its two mainstays." And even Sir JOSHUA JESS, who has an almost personal quarrel with the Irish system, and therefore with Mr. CLAY, says that "in looking out for effective means of repression we shall find 'them in hard labour, hard fare, and a hard bed;" though, of course, he goes on to say that it is impossible, except in short terms of imprisonment, to continue this discipline, "so entirely distasteful to rogues and vagabonds," because he considers the first object of a prison to be to reform offenders rather than to deter from crime. We have, therefore, testimonies from opposite sides to the same effect: first, that criminals do not like being under-fed; and next, that our criminals, except under short terms of imprisonment, are, and are intended to be, highly fed. What penal discipline in fact is we have lately had several testimonies. We select some of the most recent. "A Chairman of Quarter Sessions," arguing against Justice BYLES's dictum that we have no right to deprive a criminal of his health, which is his only stock-in-trade, asserts in the *Times*, that convicts at Dartmoor or Portland "have quite as much society and intercourse as paupers;" and that "a convict has been known to taunt a sentry that 'the leavings of his dinner were better than the soldier's rations.' Baron BRAMWELL, at Nottingham, declared that 'penal servitude was wanting in the essential element of punishment, inasmuch as it was attended by no pain or suffering.' The Grand Jury of Lincoln, in their presentment, 'consider any system of management in penal gaols which furnishes convicted criminals and felons a better dietary and more advantages than are afforded to the aged and unfortunate poor in the unions and work-houses, to be reprehensible;' and they go on to contrast Lancashire distress with the prison-house fare of plentiful meat and drink. Mr. ADDERLEY, a strong opponent of the revival of transportation, advocates 'increased severity in penal punishment,' and goes the length of suggesting the cat-o'-nine tails. A lady writing from the neighbourhood of Dartmoor reminds us that ten years ago there were actual riots at Tavistock, and that the prison meat-carts were stopped, because the poor thought they had a better right to the generous diet than those rogues in prison pampered on the best of beef and mutton. The lady asks, "how it is that, if the only excuse urged for a high 'prison diet is the lowering effect of confinement within walls, 'the very same or even a better dietary is given to men working in the open air?" "Why," she says, "should criminals 'working in the open air have better food than a Devonshire peasant? Why should the criminal's day's work be a farce? Why should punishment be conducted on a system which,

"because useless, is wicked?" A facetious burglar, previously convicted, and therefore again let loose on society, and who is stated to have employed his time so well as to have assisted at no less than twenty burglaries, thanked Justice KEATING at the present York Assizes for ten years' penal servitude, observing, "I shall get fat." But in Dublin occurred the most typical and instructive case. Twenty-three paupers were convicted of attempting to burn down the workhouse of which they were inmates with the express and avowed object of exchanging the hard quarters of penury for the luxurious living of the felon. "Thank your Lordship, we 'have got out of hell at all events,'" was the pleasant and cheerful reply to the sentence which awarded four years of petting and feeding to these discriminating young persons. Finally, we have the important testimony of clear-headed and impartial official, the present chaplain of Newgate, to the effect that the re-committed and re-convicted prisoners are the most orderly, teachable, tractable and pious inmates of the gaol; but—they are not reformed. They are up to the necessities of the place. They know that specious good conduct will abridge the term of their confinement, and that they have only to behave well in prison to leave it soon, decorated with testimonials and enriched in purse.

We have selected our facts from only a single newspaper, and not one of these extracts dates further back than a fortnight ago. The garotte cases may be exaggerated, and the panic may have arisen on insufficient grounds; but here is a converging series of testimonies to the important and undeniable fact that our existing system of punishment is a mockery and delusion—that in no sense is it punishment, nor does it seriously pretend to be punishment, because its main object, to which even its hollow show of punitive justice is rigidly subordinated, is the supposed welfare of the felon, while even in this respect it is a total failure. It neither deters from crime nor reforms the criminal. The details of the system are even worse than its principle. Sir JOSHUA JEBB himself quotes instances of "prisoners who, on hearing that they 'were to have a fortnight with hard labour, have thrown themselves on the mercy of the magistrates to give them a longer 'sentence, not with a view to profiting by the instruction, but 'that they might get into a higher class of diet." That is to say, it answers better to be a great rogue than a small one; and it answers much better to be a rogue than an honest man. We find that the prisoner's friends are constantly talking of a social crisis which is to occur if we do not reform our prisoners. Whether such has not already arrived in this process of reformation is now the question of the day. Nor have we yet come to the worst results of the present "system." So confident are its advocates in its results that Sir JOSHUA JEBB anticipates that happy time when, in the case of long imprisonments, "the 'penal character of hard labour may safely be effaced from the 'system, and give place to instruction, industrial training, and 'encouragement to do well." Unless, therefore, we resist at once, penal punishment will not much longer exist, even in name. The prisons will be more luxurious, and their interesting inmates will be more highly fed and more elaborately petted and cared for; our moral greenhouses will become stoves; and the happiest lot in life will be to be a thief and a robber. As we gather from the various testimonies before us, the thief's life is as much a profession as any other. There are districts in which the thief is indigenous. He is, in his way, born in the purple of vice. Academies of thieving exist, and it is not permitted by our laws to interfere with the natural growth and education of crime by dealing with well-known rogues and robbers unless detected *in flagrante delicto*. So cunningly is the youthful postulant for the honours of the Old Bailey instructed, that he knows the exact sort and range of crime which will, if detected, ensure him the disciplinary, rather than the punitive sentence—that is, good fare every day, and residence in a handsome, healthy house at the public expense. The skilled thief will only condescend to crimes which involve penal servitude for a few years. The two or three months of hard labour is no joke. It means what it says, two or three months of real hard labour and bad dinners. But two years or four years, by the arithmetical jugglery of an Act of Parliament, means a certain number of months apportioned to the trained skill in hypocrisy and cant of the clever felon. Health, peace of mind, light work, agreeable books, and the happy consciousness of humbugging the chaplain, are no bad things to ensure sound sleep and a good digestion; especially if, as in the English system, the warders are made a party to the transaction. That is, as their gratuities are apportioned to the amount of penitence and reformation displayed by their charges, it becomes the warder's interest "to 'make the best of his felons, and his easiest plan is to dispense 'good conduct badges with a liberal hand, and to keep every-'body in good humour." Everything brightens as the term of

punishment goes on. The appeal to fear, which was on the felon's very entrance into prison timid, is gradually hushed altogether. From Pentonville to Dartmoor is an exchange from dulness and short commons to the finest air in England, light work and companionship, abundant food of the best sort, and an ascending scale of gratuities. With the single exception of the absence of the *beau sexe*—and perhaps prison philanthropists will soon do something to add the charms of female society to the convict's happy lot—the honest labourer's life is purgatory, that of the workhouse inmate "hell," as the Irish girls express it, compared with this Arcadian scene. If a shower of rain comes on, the gentleman passing the season in Devonshire shoulders his easy spade and betakes himself to a weather-proof shed, and in the pleasant companionship of his pals shows how cribs were broken, and anticipates the dear delight of breaking them again. At last the four years, at the end of some thirty-six months, glide, like the days of Thalaba, happily and noiselessly away; and the convict, reformed, ticketed and certificated, renewed in health and spirits, well clothed, and with money in his pocket, *positis novis exuvias nitidusque juventa*, surveys mankind from Hackney to Paddington, and marks out a new world of crime for new conquests.

Now contrast this felon's lot with that of the workhouse inmate. Poverty or disease, the chances and changes of this mortal life, have brought a man to the union. His fare is of the meagrest. His work is oakum-picking, at once the dullest and the hardest. The labour-test is inflexibly applied. The workhouse is made, and very properly made, repulsive, and indeed terrific. It is known to be so; and many a poor man would rather starve than enter the workhouse. Would he rather starve than enter the gaol? If the present system of so-called punishment does not offer an absolute inducement to crime, it neither deters from crime nor reforms the offender. The newspapers teem with proofs of both facts. The Grand Juries, the Judges, the Court of Aldermen, and experts of all kinds, prison chaplains, and the patrons of reformatories, Mr. LLOYD BAKER and Mr. ADDERLEY, are unanimous. Only Sir GEORGE GREY amid the universal consternation is serene, and amid the universal conviction of failure holds to his own, and to "the system." The spectacle of the great man unshaken amid crashing worlds is sublime. The spectacle of authority impassive, obstinate, and unintelligent amidst collapsing society presents the next step to the sublime. "It will be in the recollection of all," observes Sir JOSHUA JEBB, surveying the triumphs of his own handiwork, "that the gravest apprehensions were created in the public mind by the bare prospect 'of a cessation of transportation, and the release of so 'many desperate characters at home. It was thought by 'some that organized gangs of robbers would be found 'at the corner of all the streets, &c. &c. I, for one, did 'not share those fears, nor entertain those expectations, and 'the general result has, I think, proved that I was not far 'wrong." If Sir JOSHUA is not far wrong, the Police Reports are very wrong, the Assize Calendar is very wrong, the Judges, Police Magistrates and Juries, are all very wrong. If "the system" has been a success, we can only hope for its failure. Its success has reduced London to a far worse social state than it had known before during the present century.

What is to be done is now the question? We are not disposed, with BENEDICK, to rack our brains "in devising rare 'punishments." The question of reviving transportation, at least of settling its seat, is not an easy one. In our heart of hearts we are not, as Sir JOSHUA JEBB charitably suggests of most of the critics of "the system," in favour of the gallows, nor of perpetual and solitary imprisonment. We do not commit ourselves to the whip, the galleys, the hulks, or the brand. But, at any rate, such punishment as we have may be made really penal. There was an old and wholesome fashion of punishing criminals on the very scene of their crimes, and in the presence of their associates. A criminal was pilloried or flogged where his old friends could see their companion's fate. What if this principle were recurred to? S. G. O. tells us, in his fantastic language, that there are in and about London certain well-known "Guilt Gardens." What if our moral gardeners were to make these nursery plots the scene of some good experiments in the art and practice of punishment? What if Baron BRAMWELL's friends were marched in a gang every day down the New Cut, or through Whitechapel, or in files along St. George's in the East, each with a stout chain and ball, after the sensible Italian fashion, attached to his leg, and compelled for twelve dreary hours to scrub the streets, which are dirty enough, clothed, not in warm prison costume, but in the rags and rotten shoes of the lowest beggar? And what if to this real hard work were added something lower than workhouse diet? It would be very cruel. No doubt. It would,

as Justice BYLES objects, destroy the labouring man's only property, his health. Possibly. It would be horribly un-English. Undoubtedly. And it might, perhaps, harden the felon. We should not know this till we tried; it might, and again it might not. But no great matter if it did, though it would seem impossible to indurate our present incorrigibles. This much is, however, certain—that the daily sight of these pale, squalid, emaciated wretches, working hard, and all day long, in hunger, and cold, and misery, and filth, would most certainly tell on their old associates. It would stop the rising generation of garotters. It would do something, which "the system" does not, towards realising, what the old-fashioned book calls, "the law, as a terror to evil-doers."

PUBLIC TASTE.

MMR. DION BOUCICAULT is going to give us a new sort of theatre, and has written a letter to the *Times* to tell us what we are to expect. We are to have an amount of theatrical comfort which will quite bewilder us, and make us forget at first that we are in the richest city in the world, and will tempt us to dream we are in a small town in Germany. There is a dash, an energy, and a magnificence about the description which overpower and, at the same time, inspirit us. The Astley's of our youth is gone, but then a glorified Astley's has arisen. Even the process of destruction necessary before Mr. Boucicault could realize his conceptions has a sublimity of its own. The first thing we did, says the artist, was to "gut the auditorium." Here is the apotheosis of our old familiar stalls, and pit, and boxes. They have gone the way of all earthly materials, but they have gone in a glorious and dashing way. They have perished under the form of a "gutted auditorium." And, if we may trust Mr. Boucicault, it is a very good thing they should have perished, for we are going to have something much better instead. The lines of sight have been corrected; the absurd method of lighting, so long triumphant over common sense in the theatres, has been done away with; the seats are to be comfortable; and so ingenious and complete has been the simplification of stage machinery, and so great the consequent lessening of expense, that we are to go to the stalls for three shillings and to the boxes for two. To these great improvements an addition is to be made before long, which really marks a master mind. Six adjacent houses are to be pulled down in order to make room for a spacious hall, in which the anxious public may wait comfortably until the doors are open. This vigilant care for people who are not in the theatre, but who are only going to go in, is beyond our wildest dreams of what any manager would do for us. There is also a description of the ventilation and the roof, but here Mr. Boucicault's language is not so clear as we could wish, and we cannot make out whether at our old humble Astley's there is at this moment a ceiling of wire in the shape of a very oblate dome, or whether this is what the ceiling would be like in the best of all possible theatres. But at any rate, Mr. Boucicault has done enough to make us very grateful to him. It is evident that, if his theatre is a pecuniary success, he will force other managers to imitate his example, and that to him the Londoner will owe the institution of theatres so contrived as to make the spectacle bright and pleasant, and to give the spectator all the physical comfort he can reasonably require.

This is a very great thing. We go to theatres because we want amusement, and a man is a public benefactor who arranges that our amusement shall not be so seriously impaired as it is at present by glaring footlights, and bad smells, and hard narrow seats, half of which are so arranged that the spectator must either look straight into the slips, or screw his eyes into a perpetual squint. The achievement of Mr. Boucicault is, if carried out, a very great achievement, and we shall be glad to hear that he realizes that modest sum of 20,000*l.* a year net profit which he estimates as the proper perquisite of the manager of a theatre. But, after all, a theatre is a place where plays are performed, and the play cannot but be the main thing. We therefore turn with some interest to see what are the pieces which are to be produced under this oblate dome, and to exhibit which the auditorium has been gutted and so greatly improved. When that spacious hall is erected on the site of the six condemned houses, what are the dramas, we should like to ask, which will occupy the imagination of the crowds that will pace up and down there, in hopes of being able to get places? A feeling of disappointment creeps over us as we read the advertisement. The ancient Astley's has been swept away, the auditorium has been gutted, a new acoustic form has been given to the proscenium, the oblate dome of wire has been constructed or projected, and, as he confides to us, Mr. Boucicault has spent 1,000*l.* more than he can well afford, in order that a grateful audience may have the privilege of looking at *The Relief of Lucknow*, and a pantomime about Lord Dundreary. *The Relief of Lucknow* is a sham Oriental melodrama, and a pantomime about Lord Dundreary, even if clever and greatly beyond all expectation, can, at the best, be but an amplification of a very stale joke, borrowed from the repertory of another theatre. Lord Dundreary has grown to be a perfect nuisance. He is the standing joke of all the people whose only notion of a joke is to have a standing joke and live on it. Mr. Sothern turned out a trifling but ingenious and original novelty, which, by this time, must have equally bored and enriched him. Since his success familiar-

ized London with the notion of a puzzle-headed dandy, every small joker and playwright has made his little capital out of some faint extension of the original conception. If Mr. Boucicault was to start with a melodrama and a pantomime, he could not possibly have selected pieces with less promise, except for those who care for nothing but smart scenery, and gunpowder, and repetitions of hackneyed fun.

In all probability, Mr. Boucicault is quite right. If a man goes and guts auditoriums, and spends "a thousand or so" more than he can prudently afford, and announces that by subtle arrangements of oblate domes and stage machinery he can clear 20,000*l.* a year, he must give the public what it will most readily pay to see. Mr. Boucicault may be supposed to know his business by this time, and he is of opinion that what the public will like best is a melodrama with lots of scenery-shifting and gunpowder, and a pantomime founded on a stale, feeble, popular joke. There is not the slightest ground whatever for blaming Mr. Boucicault, or for quarrelling with his views of his professional interests. But we think that his conception of the taste of the public, right as it may be in his case, is one carried much too far in many ways. We do not believe that the public is half as bad as it is painted. There is, indeed, a great difficulty in saying who the public is, for it consists of an unknown aggregate of unknown individuals. But we may safely say, that there is a higher and a lower public, that some of these unknown individuals do not think a melodrama and a pantomime about Lord Dundreary the height of enjoyment, and that, if they would give three shillings for this amount of amusement, they would willingly give five to see a play of some sense and spirit. When we say that there are a great many such people, we confessably do no more than make a guess, but we judge from a variety of signs. If for no other reason, we might even say that plays of a high caste would draw well because they would be such a novelty. We venture even to think that plays in which the imagination had some scope, which aimed at depicting the loftier and bolder traits of character, and which turned on great and thrilling events, would have a fair chance. People only doubt this because they cannot see any play of the sort. But we know that in old days plays of this kind were liked, and, as everything has its cycle, the turn for such productions may be coming up again. The demand, we think, exists, although the supply does not. We have no poet who writes for the stage, no man of originality and feeling who condescends even to the lighter forms of the drama. If there were such people, we have no one to act their productions. Actors, perhaps, there may be. But no one can believe that there is an actress, and the higher drama, without a great actress to give it dignity, grace, and softness, is weary work. We have no plays and no actresses except of the humbler kind, and then the wretched public is told that it is all its fault, that its tastes are low, and that the high drama will not pay.

This would be a small matter if it were not one among many ways in which the same thing is exhibited. The public taste is ahead of that which is supplied to it. Good things are readily and eagerly welcomed. The public, for example, reads a quantity of trashy novels. It is obliged to make literary lions of very small people, and crowns little ladies who invent a series of diabolical crimes, or gentlemen who describe imaginary hunting and shootings in the serio-comic style. But the public like much better what is better. They devour a book that has any merit in it. They put genius on a level to which they never let the sprightly commonplace aspire. Professional and friendly critics try, in their playful way, to confuse the public; but in vain. We observed lately, in an advertisement, an extract in which some paper said, or was made, by skilful scissors-work, to say, that *Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles* was as good as *Adam Bede*. But the public resists this gentle pressure, and, with a firmness that is involuntary, and therefore not meritorious, persists in using its eyes, and seeing that Ben Nevis and the Grampians are not on a level. The English world, in the same patient way, takes its sermons as it finds them. It sits under them, and would not miss them on any account. It does not resent that a man without one single qualification for essay-writing, except that of being lengthy, should twice a week offer them an essay which he makes it a point of conscience should be his own precious composition. But if by any rare chance a man sets himself to preach who has gift of words, or who has felt and thought, and can shape in intelligible language the thoughts of his heart about this world and the next, the public treats him in a very different way from that in which it fondles the ordinary essay-maker who builds his sermon as a beaver builds its huts. It hangs on the words of the preacher, it praises or blackguards him, it thinks over his sayings, it lays up his thoughts in its heart. It is only with the utmost reluctance that the public finds it cannot make idols of its contemporaries; and it would be most delighted to welcome a new poet, or a new pulpit-orator, or a new actress or dramatist, if only such a star would rise and gild the hazy monotony of its firmament.

There is something touching in the thought of a great quiet public waiting in this way, calling out for bread, and getting instead masses of unbaked dough, which it munches honestly and humbly, and hopes it likes them. It is nobody's fault that this should be so. No virtue and no industry or hard-thinking will give creative power to a generation that has not got it. Our generation is blessed with many choice gifts, but not with creative power; and we must put up with what is sent us as our lot. In all that trains the public to appreciate creative power we are very

strong. We shine in history, and the disposition of existing materials. We are learning in physical science to find a kind of truth which does not vary with our fancies. We have plenty, let us hope, of excellent criticism. The public grows more apprehensive of different kinds of excellence, more alive to novel conclusions, better able to keep humbugs in their places, and to say why they ought to be there. In all this the public, that is the unknown minority which guides and expresses the better taste of the nation, shines conspicuously at present. And all this is the best preparation possible for the days when creative power shall return. It will find, when it does come, the path strewn for it, the mansion ready, the banquet laid, and it will only have to enter and take possession. That it will return we have not the slightest doubt whatever. Experience shows that in the intellectual life of every nation there are periods of energy and periods of repose—and we are in a period of repose—not of sleepy stupid repose, but of a repose that is full of quiet happiness and pleasant expectation. Perhaps when the days come when England once more sees a young promising poet, when spirited high-pitched dramas are written, and there are performers fit to act them, when theology ceases to be an alternation of guarded platitudes and melancholy guessing, when romance is romance and not a series of Dutch pictures of the feelings and lives of women, and when a great many other fine things happen, some of those who live in an epoch which must from its nature be one of agitation and contest will envy us our solid, comfortable, cowlike tranquillity. There may, perhaps, even be playgoers who will glorify the past, and speak of the great time when Mr. Boucicault opened his famous theatre and exhibited the beautiful *Relief of Lucknow*.

MALICE.

WHY should any one take pleasure in the pain of another? Still more, why should any one take pleasure in inflicting pain on another? At first sight, it would seem that such pleasure is much commoner than it is, because, in many cases where pain is inflicted, the pleasure taken is not in the pain itself, but in something else of which the pain is a necessary accompaniment. That is to say, men do not actually delight in inflicting pain, but they do not scruple to inflict it if it incidentally promotes their own pleasure. These limitations include so large a class that we might be tempted to run into the other extreme, and to suppose that direct pleasure in the pain of another does not exist. It is hard to believe that such pleasure is really part of human nature. Like many other evil things, it seems to be a mere perversion of originally different feelings, the result of long indulgence in questionable and dangerous habits. The feeling must be carefully distinguished from several others which look very like it, and which are a great deal more common, but there can be no doubt that it really exists.

Pure malice—direct delight in the infliction of evil for its own sake—would seem to be peculiar to fiends, bad men, and cats. We hope we do no injustice to the quadruped which we place in such bad company. We do not pretend to dive into the recesses of a cat's mind, but the outward behaviour of the beast certainly looks very like it. Every other beast, as far as we know, kills its prey at once or swallows it alive, while the cat most certainly tortures its mouse in what seems to be a most deliberate and ingenious fashion. We believe that careful parents of other species have been known to disable the prey which they take home for their young, especially when they catch more than is required for immediate use. But here there is no direct pleasure in the infliction of pain—it is simply that an anxious parent does not scruple to inflict it for the good of his offspring. In short, whether two-legged, four-legged, or winged, "ces pères de famille sont capables de tout." It is possible that we wrong the cats, but appearances are certainly against them; the look of the thing is bad, and unlike anything that one sees in other animals. Setting aside the cats, this pure malice forms the distinguishing character of what we imagine to ourselves as the fiendish as distinguished from the human character. The "fiend" is strictly the "enemy"—the general, unprovoked enemy of everybody. When we apply such words as "fiendish," "devilish," &c., to a human being, it almost always has reference to the wanton infliction of suffering, and the taking pleasure in its infliction. The use of the words "humane" and "inhuman" shows that we look upon the feeling as something abnormal in our own species, and that the tendency of our own nature is the opposite way. And we must remember that a great deal of very unjustifiable cruelty does not reach this peculiar measure of fiendishness. As long as we can attribute it to revenge, or even envy—still more when it arises from mere love of power, or from recklessness of pain, as distinguished from actual pleasure in its infliction—it is not exactly the same thing. These things are all very bad, but they are bad in a somewhat different way. They are vices or crimes, but they are human vices and crimes. They are perversions and exaggerations of some feeling which is natural, and which therefore, under other circumstances, may be justifiable. It is pure malice, pure love of evil for its own sake, which is the specially fiendish, and, if the cats are not maligned, specially catish, emotion.

This pure malice is something quite different from the feeling which is expressed in the well-known sayings about "auwe mari magno," and about there being something not altogether unpleasant in the misfortunes even of our dearest friends. Lucre-

tius clearly meant merely that the sight of the sufferings of others makes us feel more keenly our own good luck in being exempted from them. This feeling is perfectly natural, and in no way blameworthy; it is simply an instance of the common law that the full force of anything can be perceived only by contrasting it with something else. This feeling indeed may, and ought, directly to lead to virtuous emotions and actions. The contrast between our own good luck and other's ill-luck ought at once to make us feel thankful for our own good luck and be anxious to do what we can to relieve the ill-luck of others. And as to the pleasant element in the misfortunes of our own friends, it may be explained in several ways without implying any sort of pure malice. As in the more general case, we contrast their ill-luck with our own good luck, and our more intimate knowledge of them enables us to make the comparison more accurately than we can with the ill-luck of a stranger. Then it may be that we have given our friend advice which might have warded off his ill-luck. His ill-luck, then, is a witness to our wisdom, and we have the pleasure of saying, "I told you so." Or, again, we may be so far from any malice to the victim of ill-luck that perhaps the pleasure which we take in his ill-luck chiefly comes from the opportunity which it gives us of doing him a service. Still, whether as simply heightening the feeling of our own luck, as affording a witness to our own wisdom, or as giving us an opportunity of exercising our benevolence, and therein our power—in all these cases, the misfortunes of others do in some way or other put us in a position of superiority to those others. In this there is undoubtedly an element of pleasure; but, though it is a pleasure arising from the pain of others, it has nothing at all in common with malice. There is this most marked difference—that, though we draw some degree of pleasure from the ill-luck when it happens, yet we do nothing to bring it about, and indeed, it is to be hoped, do all that we can to hinder it.

There is another class of cases in which the misfortunes of another may give us pleasure without implying pure malice. This is, when they gratify some of our natural emotions, especially our sense of justice. The feeling here is perfectly right in itself, though we get upon dangerous ground, as no feeling lies more open to be perverted and exaggerated. We find this feeling in its highest form in many passages of the Psalms. The prophet triumphs over the defeat of wrong and the victory of right; he rejoices in the overthrow of the oppressor, which will make all men say that doubtless there is a God that judgeth the earth. This is, in itself, a noble and righteous feeling; but it may, especially when the wrongdoer has in any way wronged ourselves, easily degenerate into mere personal vindictiveness, and such vindictiveness may easily be led to pass the limits even of strict retaliation. But even in this case it is not pure malice. The pleasure in beholding or inflicting such sufferings is in proportion to our feeling of their justice. For, of course, revenge is but wild justice. It may be perverted into thorough injustice; but it is pursued, in the revengeful man's mind, under the notion of its being just. Even the much baser feeling of envy differs from pure malice. The envious man wishes evil to another because he expects it in some way to profit or exalt himself, at any rate so far as by pulling down others to his own level. But the man who is purely envious and nothing else does not care to inflict suffering where it does not in any way affect his own real or imaginary interest.

There are other cases in which the pain which is inflicted on another is not the object directly sought, but where it comes in as the necessary accompaniment of something which is sought. The fox-hunter and the conqueror are the two most obvious instances of this. The pain of the fox and the pain of the conquered are not directly sought; but they are not allowed to stand in the way of the desired object. Either they are not thought of at all, or they are dismissed as something of too little moment to be taken into consideration. It is not to be supposed that the elder Bonaparte, for instance, took any direct pleasure in the misery which he caused both to his own people and to others. Probably, after a little natural repugnance had been overcome, he ceased to think of it at all. It was totally indifferent to him what amount of slaughter and general wretchedness he caused; but there is no reason to think that he actually delighted in slaughter and wretchedness for their own sake. It is even possible that, of two equally sure means to the same end, he might have preferred the one which dealt less damage to others. Such a man is widely different from the humane leader who avoids war as long as he can avoid it, and who, when driven into it, carries it on in the least frightful manner consistent with its legitimate end. But he is also widely different from the brutes of the Thirty Years' War. No doubt horrible things are done in all wars; but generally the tendency of modern warfare is rather to mere recklessness of human suffering than to that direct delight in it of which manifest signs may be seen in the warfare of earlier ages.

Closely connected with these last are a vast number of cases, great and small, serious and ludicrous, in which men seem to like to do damage to other people, simply because to do them damage is a more manifest exertion of power than to do them good. The tyrant who boasts himself that he can do mischief is a very old character, and he is to be met with in all times and places, and on every possible scale. All sorts of annoyances from Jacks in office of every sort and size come under this head. A man's importance comes out much more plainly by giving people trouble than by doing anything to help them. Anybody can do good, but it

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requires official power to do evil. Why does Louis Napoleon continue to hold Rome? It cannot be from any good motive; the occupation of Rome is not required by any real interest or real honour of France any more than of Italy. But, on the other hand, we need not suppose that he does it from a purely fiendish delight in the wretchedness which he thus inflicts on Rome and Italy. The real motive probably is that, as long as he holds Rome, he is a much more important person than he would be if he gave it up. A prince who really wished the welfare of his people and his own true honour, would leave off meddling with other folks' business, and would stick to making things better in his own kingdom. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte might, of his own act, without waiting for a case which has made Europe ring with its iniquity, have given his mind to reform the horrors of his den of torment, and to repress the bloodthirsty zeal of his law-officers. So to do would have been to do something to wipe out the original guilt of his usurpation. But such a course of real benevolence is comparatively obscure. A man makes much more noise in the world by meddling in Italy, by meddling in Mexico, by keeping the world in general hot water. As long as French troops hold Rome, the ruler of France is a great power in the world; everybody is thinking about him, and talking about him, and wondering what he will do. The Tyrant boasts himself that he can do mischief, probably not so much from an abstract love of mischief, as because by doing mischief he can best make his power felt in all parts of the world.

Now what an "Emperor" does on a grand scale, smaller people can do on a little one. Every fussy, self-important, person in office who gives you more trouble than he need is, in his own little way, a tyrant boasting himself that he can do mischief. Every solemn man who orders you about at a French railway, or at a French *bureau* of any kind, only takes his cue from his Imperial master. Not that the thing is peculiar to France, or to any part of the world. The railway, for instance, between Shrewsbury and Hereford is clearly in the hands of Directors whom fate has wronged by not making Emperors. For some inscrutable reason, a little way out of Hereford you are made to get out of your train and wait for about half-an-hour on a narrow platform without any cover. To be quite accurate, we should say that there is a sort of small den which might possibly hold one good-sized lady, or two at a stretch, if crinoline were abolished. But the world at large has to stand in pleasant study of the elements. One asks why one is not allowed to change at the Hereford station, or why the platform is not furnished with a roof. For exactly the same reason that Louis Napoleon occupies Rome. In no other way can the passengers be made so fully to feel their own littleness and the greatness of the Directors. The power which makes you stand half an hour in the rain or snow is a power not to be despised or forgotten. One can fancy the perfect feeling of "s'asse mari magno" with which a Director, on a rainy day, takes out his watch at the right time, and sees in his mind's eye the crowd standing drenched on the open platform. He hears them grumbling, abusing him, possibly swearing at him. But grumblings, abuse, curses, are all only testimonies to his power. They sound in his ears like the groans of the Romans in the ears of Louis Napoleon. If he made his station comfortable, nobody would think about him. By making it uncomfortable, he is felt to be one of the powers that be. He looks out at the storm, he chuckles as he thinks how comfortable he is, and how uncomfortable he has made other people. Still he does not delight in wretchedness for its own sake, but only in such wretchedness as is a proof of his own power. He will not spend a few pounds to save people from colds and death at Hereford, but likely enough he may give largely out of his dividends to relieve Lancashire distress. For to inflict distress in one case, and to relieve it in the other, are equally proofs of power.

None of these cases are cases of pure malice, but any of them may easily be improved into it. Recklessness of pain, vindictiveness, love of power however displayed, are all perverted feelings. Pure malice is, again, the perversion of a perversion. Long and constant indulgence in any of them will easily lead to pure malice. A habit of needlessly inflicting pain will often lead to actual delight in its infliction. This is manifest in the history of many tyrants — some of the Caesars, for instance; or again, Ecelino da Romano. The infliction of death by torture, as distinguished from judicial torture, marks the existence of pure malice, or at least of something which may soon develop into it. A wicked State policy may dictate a proscription; but policy, however wicked, is satisfied with killing people outright — it will not crucify, burn, or impale them. Judicial torture is another matter. It is cruel, and it fails of its own end; but it does not imply any pleasure in the torture inflicted. Amusements involving the pain of any creature may easily grow into pure malice. A hunt, a fight, a baiting, mark three stages; but any one may easily grow into another. The strongest case of all is probably the incomprehensible pleasure which the Romans took in seeing a lion eat up a bishop. There was nothing of the exercise of a hunt; nothing of the excitement of a fight; no chances on which any one could make a bet; no such display of skill as may happen even in a Spanish bull-fight. The pleasure was found in simply sitting still and seeing a wild beast tear in pieces a man who could offer no effective resistance. If there had been the feeble chance — one even in ten thousand — that the tables might be turned and the bishop might eat the lion, it would still have been a very horrible spectacle, but there would have been something of excitement in it, something capable of being the subject of a wager. The history of the Roman

shows makes it plain that they increased in barbarity at every step, till at last they could gratify nothing but sheer lust of blood — pure gratification in suffering. The same feeling, or an approach to it, comes out in many ways; and the cases which we have distinguished from it all lead to it. The tyrant who boasts himself that he can do mischief, because mischief shows his power more plainly than benevolence, will easily come to love mischief for its own sake.

SERMONS AND SERMON-MAKERS.

THE Great Sermon Question is sure to turn up in the dull season of the year. It alternates with the mysteries of the *Demi-monde*. Letters from or about "Anonymus" having been found to be too gross an assault on public decency and patience, now that the large gooseberries are over, and before the recurrence of the annual correspondence in the *Times* from Paterfamilias on the enormity of Christmas-boxes, we are sure to have a great many letters about sermons. The Bishop of London in his Charge takes the thing *au grand stérieur*, and, with the inability of his countrymen, at least according to Sydney Smith, to understand a joke, tells the assembled clergy of his diocese "to consider carefully all the criticism made on their sermons, and make the best use of it for improvement" — as though the ingenious writers and able editors cared one straw about the subject, except as an opportunity for smart writing and joking comment. The fact is, that sermons are a British institution in another sense than the ordinary one. It is quite true that no Church in any age or any country except our own ever committed so gross and palpable an absurdity as to expect from every living person in priest's orders — some twenty thousand strong — fire-new original compositions of the most difficult kind, to be produced and delivered at the rate of two per week for a period of time sometimes ranging to sixty years. This, which is the theory of the British sermon and sermon-makers, certainly gives our homily a specific character. The world has never seen or excogitated anything like it. In this sense it is certainly a purely British institution. But the British sermon is so in another sense. It is the common property of the whole country. The parson's sermons are the *piece de résistance* of the whole parish. There is nobody who has not the gifts to criticize or the wit to joke at the hebdomadal homilies. What would a parish, and therefore what would England, be without its sermons to talk about and to talk against? It is such a safe subject, too. It is said that a sermon is a very unfair thing because the preacher has it all his own way, and there is nobody to answer his arguments, or to turn the point of his apostrophes. But there is, as in most human things, a complementary process in store. Retribution dogs the preacher on Monday who had it all his own way on Sunday. The very school-girls make mouths at their teacher, before whom they were forced to hold their giggling tongues for that tedious half-hour yesterday. Indeed, retribution sometimes overtakes the orator even before the day of rest is over; and the best seasoning of the Sunday's luncheon is cutting up the sermon. In the first year of Queen Elizabeth, a Royal Injunction was issued, prohibiting all sermons for one whole twelvemonth. It is awful to think of the consequences which might follow a similar interdict of preaching at the present moment. The remote consequence might be that the flock would have to take themselves to task as well as their teachers, and the dwellers in dry places might, in the absence of any other spiritual deserts to make merry with, discover that all aridity did not belong to their clerical neighbours. But even if the total prohibition of sermons did not attain such serious consequences as to make all men preach sermons to their own consciences, it would certainly deprive the nation and the suburban omnibus of one of its most congenial topics of talk.

And here it is at once apparent how much more really valuable, as the *corpus vilissimum* of small talk, dull sermons are than good ones. Not that, with people's present habits, it much matters. We are quite equal to finding fault with good sermons as with bad ones. We really believe that St. Paul would now-a-days, as, indeed, according to an intimation in the Acts, he actually was in his own time, be esteemed as by no means a powerful hand in the pulpit. At any rate, in the case of St. Paul, we know that Barnabas was a better speaker; and that one result of the Great Apostle's sermon was that he sent at least one hearer to sleep. But if it were possible that one of the Canonical Epistles was delivered to an intelligent congregation, either in Belgravia or Hackney, for the first time, there can be no question that it would be pronounced by British critics to be very spiritless, and perhaps, if it were St. James' Epistle, decidedly unevangelical. Still, on the whole, for the sake of the critical faculty generally, dull sermons are a valuable institution, which ought not lightly to be decried. We do not deny that, as a rule, sermons are dull; but we say that on the whole, it is better, perhaps, that they should be dull. For, if all sermons were eloquent, sound, lively, practical, and intelligent, as people must find fault with sermons, it is better that they should have bad ones to jeer at than good ones. So that, in the interests of taste and criticism generally, it is better in one sense that things should be as they are, and that as a rule sermons should be as they are — dull. But this is on the supposition, which is, perhaps, an extreme one, that they are dull as a rule. Into this question we can scarcely enter. As nobody ever heard all the thirty or forty thousand sermons preached every Sunday throughout England and Wales, and as dulness is a quality incapable of definition, and as

a good deal depends on the capacity of the critics, we may pass over this question to what is really the important one—Ought a sermon to be dull or not? Just as in his exuberant charity a Scotch preacher once prayed “for the puir de'il,” so a word or two may be ventured for the dull sermon.

First, it must be remembered that Sunday is a day of rest, in which the spirits want soothing and calming, and in which anodynes rather than stimulants are wanting. There are minds which really could not, for example, stand a succession of the explosive and fulminating pyrotechnics of the Reverend Lavoisier Montgolfier Bellows. If quiet people, every Sunday, were presented with that well-known dramatic picture of the blue Empyrean worked up in positive colours, or with the repetition of the famous sensation scene of the Last Day, or with that sweet thing on the pains of hell, done into a reading like the same artist's touching bit from *Little Dombey*, Sunday would be a greater trial than it is. There are people who perversely think that worship is the Sunday duty, and that God's house is a house of prayer; and such people dislike sermons for another reason. They do not want to be flung into a critical frame of mind; they go to church for other objects altogether than to be talked to by a person whose gauge they have taken a hundred times in other and all sorts of aspects. Such would dispense with the sermon altogether, and if it were not for the look of the thing, would always go out of church before the sermon began, or come in when it was over. But without taking much account of those who only want to go to church for the stupid purpose of saying their prayers, there is, after all, the great majority who do not want to be worried by a very first-rate sermon. For fine oratory is a worry and a weariness to the flesh. Nobody can help drawing a comparison between the orator and the oration; and as this is a process by which the preacher is sure to suffer, most sensible people are thankful to escape this necessity. Besides which, as all great oratory is very rare, it is its rarity which constitutes much of its excellence. To listen, were it possible, once a week to Demosthenes or Burke would be a serious nuisance; and it really makes no difference whether the speaker is Demosthenes or Bossuet. So that, on this account, brilliant sermons ought to be, as indeed they are, exceptional. Turtle and venison are very good things, but they would not do for the daily *carte*.

Next, as a matter-of-fact, the existing English system absolutely, and from the nature of the case, prohibits the possibility of other than dull sermons as a rule. If sermons were, as they ought to be, exceptional, they ought always to be good and always striking. And it is on this account that foreign sermons stand at so great an advantage over English ones. Either the sermon has a special occasion, or a special season, or it is addressed to special purposes, or to special people. All this is exactly reversed in England. A clergyman has to preach to a multitude of people of every conceivable variety of age, sex, attainments, education, morals, temptations, and sins. The “Sermon on the Mount” is very different in character and style from the sermon contained in John xiii.—xvi. Or, to express the same fact under more homely associations, what is one man's meat is another man's, and especially another woman's, poison. And the more thoughtful and reflecting a preacher is, the more he is appalled at this danger, and he takes refuge in platitudes from the doubt that he may otherwise be doing harm to nine people while he is doing good to one. It has been lately said that sermons ought at least to be as good as lectures and speeches on social and literary and political subjects. But this comparison just shows how different the things are. Lectures are exceptional—sermons are regular. Lectures are confined to one subject—sermons have to range over a vast field. Lecturers are few—preachers are many. You go to a lecture to be amused—to a preacher, to be taught.

Another reason why sermons are dull consists in the English tradition that they should be clothed in a certain technical language, and in a dialect otherwise unknown to articulately-speaking men. If Christian truth could—as it certainly cannot, with our present habits and tastes in religion—be conveyed without offence in a natural and unconventional language, the serious character of the subject would not suffer. It may be doubted whether an educated Hindoo—educated, that is, in all English literature which is not theological—could understand an English sermon were he to hear it for the first time. And this, not only on account of the newness of the ideas, but on account of the strangeness of the language in which they are clothed. The consequence is, that sermons have the effect of being delivered either to adepts in an esoteric philosophy, which is what seems to be arrived at by what are called Evangelical preachers, or in a dead language. Now all dead language is from the nature of the case dull. The lay people require in preachers a conventional tone, a conventional speech, a conventional manner, and then complain that they get dull work after all. Of course they do; but the fault is in themselves. A preacher would be set down as irreverent if he were to use in the pulpit the tongue of every day-life. A congregation will have Konx Ompax, and then complain that Konx Ompax is not lively.

A good deal of fuss has been started about what is called the Sermon Manufactory. The Sermon Manufactory follows, as a matter of course, from the English practice of two sermons a week at least from every parson in England. For what are the English clergy? Men, certainly, of like passions and like gifts as ourselves. To be sure they are well educated, and they have a special education; but they are, if not below, certainly not above, the general

run of educated men. And educated men, for the most part, are not original, not inventive, not powerful, not thinking, not gifted with every sort of accomplishment. We have all of us seen the portraiture of the ideal preacher. It is very easy to draw fancy pictures of persons who have the perseverance to overcome natural difficulties—who habitually and carefully prepare themselves for acquiring a vast command both of language and words—who study carefully the best models, who extract the fine thoughts of great preachers, and carefully lay them up to be digested and reproduced in a new and better adaptation—who all the week through turn over and over their one great duty—who are skilful in illustration, plenteous in subsidiary information—who are accustomed to know the secret springs of action, and who are skilful in anatomizing motive and conduct; and who, having done all this, aided by a judicious logic and a refined rhetoric—knowing both the ways of God and man—can bring all these results into one sermon, and can do this, not once, but one hundred and four times a-year, and, at the same time, can be “good parish priests,” up to all the details of schools, charities, and institutions, not without attending to their social and domestic concerns and duties. To say all this is much the same as saying that a commonwealth ought to consist of citizens every one of whom is six feet high, perfect in wind and limb, in morals and intellect, and possessed of a sound digestion and five hundred a year. No, on the whole—as we know all this to be Utopia—we had rather submit ourselves to what we have than make absurd demands on preachers. If sermons are now and then bought and sold, the purchased and manufactured brewage is certainly as good as home-brewed would be. It does not do to look too carefully to the manufacture of our wine and beer and tea, nor to that of our sermons. If every curate in the land were to preach only what comes out of his head, we should be worse off than we are. If we only watch our clerical instructors in common life, and take note of their crudities and platitudes, their utter baldness and unoriginality, their imperfect information and incapacity to exercise thought—and in all these respects they are not at all below the average of other, even educated men—we may perhaps be thankful that while we must have two sermons a Sunday, there is even such an institution as the Sermon Manufactory.

THE “LEX TALIONIS” AND THE LAWS OF WAR.

OUR recent American intelligence contains an item which not only suggests very dismal forebodings as to the future conduct of the struggle between the Northern and Southern States, but which also gives occasion to very serious reflections upon the nature and authority of the laws which are supposed to regulate the warfare of civilized nations. We are also told that “President Jefferson Davis has ordered the Confederate General commanding the Mississippi department to demand the surrender of Federal General M'Neil, for murdering ten Confederate citizens of Missouri. If this is refused, and the charges are proved to be true, the Confederate General is instructed to execute the first ten Federal officers that are captured.” The facts of the case lie within a very narrow compass. General M'Neil—who is now said, however, to have been a mere guerrilla leader, not in the service of the Federal Government—occupied with his army the city of Palmyra, which had previously been in the possession of the Confederates, or as he was pleased to term them, “the rebels.” A “loyal” inhabitant of the city—who, as it is now stated, has reappeared alive and well—was missing from his home. General M'Neil assumed, we know not on what evidence, that he had been murdered by the “rebels.” He gave the inhabitants of Palmyra ten days to prove their innocence by producing the loyalist. In default of this conclusive exculpation, he took vengeance on the citizens by a military execution of ten of them who were his prisoners. President Jefferson Davis brands this execution as a murder, demands that its perpetrator be handed over to him to punish, and, in default of compliance with this demand, he threatens to put to death the first ten Federal officers who may fall into his hands.

The question is at once asked how far the proceeding of General M'Neil or the threatened reprisals of President Davis can be justified by the laws of war. Had M'Neil an authority in those laws for the execution of ten citizens of Palmyra for a supposed murder committed in their city? Has President Davis a justification for his proposal to execute ten Federal officers in revenge for the sanguinary act of General M'Neil? Both proceedings are marked by that which every feeling of our nature condemns—the punishment of the innocent in place of the guilty. M'Neil selected his victims by lot. Even if he were right in assuming that a murder had been committed, it is obvious that he selected for punishment men of whose complicity in that murder he had not the slightest proof. It is equally plain that President Davis, in ordering the execution of the first Federal officers who may be taken, would be putting to death, for the crime of M'Neil, men who had no share in its commission.

Without meaning in the slightest degree to defend either of these proceedings, we must observe that it is of importance to ascertain the definite meaning which is to be attached to the question whether they are justified by the laws of war. No law of war can justify the commission of a crime. No law of war can make the cold-blooded execution of innocent men anything but a crime. But there may be a law of war which confides to the chief of an army the supreme right of determining the cases

in which he will exert the powers of destruction with which the command of that force invests him, although he must exercise that right under the responsibility of observing those great laws of justice and humanity from the obligations of which no power is exempt. The distinction is of more importance than might at first appear. There is a sense in which a despotic sovereign has a right to dispose of the lives of his subjects—that is, the law of the country authorizes him absolutely to judge of the cases in which their lives ought to be taken away. If he exercises that right by condemning a criminal to death after the fullest and most careful investigation, after a trial before himself, in which he has shown the most sensitive anxiety to discover the truth, and afford every opportunity to the accused to exculpate himself—every one will say that he has exercised his powers justly. No one will say that a capital sentence pronounced by a despot upon a murderer whose guilt was thus established, was unjust. Yet, in point of abstract legal right, such a sentence would stand upon precisely the same footing as one by which he might consign a thousand of his subjects to a massacre like those which the King of Dahomey regards as acts of piety. The authority for either is the power which is entrusted to the despot of taking away life at his own sovereign pleasure. Yet one is an act of justice, the other an atrocious crime.

An attention to this distinction might perhaps reconcile many things which appear contradictions in the statements which are made in works of authority as to the laws of war. Up to a comparatively recent period, all jurists broadly laid down the proposition that it was lawful in man to take away the life of an enemy by any means—that women and children were to be counted as enemies, and therefore might lawfully be killed—that prisoners taken in war might be slain or sold into slavery. The doctrine was even laid down in the terms that “everything was lawful in war.”

We have seen (writes Professor Wheaton) that the practice of the ancient world, and even the opinion of some modern writers on public law, make no distinction as to the means to be employed for this purpose (that of injuring an enemy). Even such institutional writers as Bynkershoek and Wolf, who lived in the most learned and not least civilized countries of Europe at the commencement of the eighteenth century, assert the broad principle that everything done against an enemy is lawful; that he may be destroyed, though unarmed and defenceless; that fraud, and even poison, may be employed against him; and that unlimited right is acquired by the victor to his person and property.

Mr. Wheaton goes on to add, that

such were not the sentiments and practice of enlightened Europe at the time at which they wrote; since Grotius had long before inculcated milder and more humane principles, which Vattel subsequently enforced and illustrated, and which are adopted by the unanimous concurrence of all the public jurists of the present age.

Sir Robert Phillimore, in his admirable work on international law, very indignantly denounces the principle that war exempts those engaged in it from all law—a principle, which he describes as “letting loose the furies.”

We cannot help thinking that—in these, and many other observations of the same nature—injustice is done to the ancient jurists, and that there is not a perfectly correct appreciation of the change which has been effected by modern writers. The ancient jurists never meant to say that everything might be *properly* practised in war. Seneca praised Fabricius for establishing the principle that “there were some things not allowable even against an enemy.” Ancient history records examples of men shrinking from acts which modern generals would not have scrupled to commit. What the old jurists meant, by these broad propositions, was to lay down the extreme rights of war. But they no more justified their cruel or inhuman exercise, than a writer on the Roman Constitution justified the massacres of Sylla when he declared the absolute power of the dictator. Every Roman jurist asserted, at one time, that the father possessed the power of life and death over his children—he did not justify the man who would barbarously put his family to death. The power of the master over the slave was unquestioned; but the man would be infamous who should use it for the purposes of wanton cruelty. It was just in the same sense that the Roman jurists declared the absolute right of the belligerent to destroy his enemies as he pleased. They never meant to assert that this right should be exercised without regard to considerations of justice or humanity. They did, indeed, lay down the proposition that a commander in war was not in general controlled by any positive law, but must be guided by his own sense of what was right, and necessary for the safety of his army. In the broad sense of their propositions, they remain unaltered to this day.

Nothing seems more revolting than the assertion of the right to kill women and children, and to put to death prisoners of war. But no modern general would hesitate, if necessary for an operation, to direct his cannon against a village merely because numbers of women and children might be swept down. If possible, he would give them the opportunity of escaping—but he certainly would not run the risk of losing a battle by delaying his cannonade. He would judge for himself whether he was justified in the sacrifice of life. But the moment he takes on himself to judge, he asserts the right; and he exercises that right in the destruction of innocent life, if he believes it necessary to his grand end—that of defeating his enemy.

We may take another instance, in the right of putting to death prisoners of war. The most scrupulous of modern jurists admit that this may lawfully be done, when it is indispensably necessary for the safety of their captors. There are, in fact, very few things—in the way of destroying an enemy—which necessity is not supposed to justify, in modern as well as ancient warfare. Never-

theless, an immense improvement has been effected in the rules which are supposed to govern men, and many things which were tolerated in ancient times would now be visited with the severest reprobation. But the change has been brought about, not by denying the abstract right, but by the control which a better tone of opinion imposes upon its exercise. In addition to this, many of the restrictions which formerly rested only on feeling and conscience have been, by the tacit agreement of modern nations, adopted as positive rules. For this latter important change, we are mainly indebted to the great work of Grotius—a work which, strangely enough, has been censured for the sanction of those inhuman maxims which it was very object to mitigate and restrain. Grotius began by laying down the extreme rights of men as he found them defined in the old-established maxims of public law. But having done so, he proceeded to lay down the “temperamenta”—the rules which ought to restrain the exercise of those rights. “He took away,” as he said himself, “what he seemed to have given,” because, while he admitted the abstract right, he showed that the usage of nations had confined its exercise to certain cases. The universal adoption of his maxims, by the consent of all jurists and military authorities, has made them a part of the public law. He achieved the purpose for which he tells us his book was written—that of humanising the wars of Christendom, and proving the falsehood of the principle, that in war “men were authorized to commit all crimes without restraint.”

But, long before the days of Grotius, it was perfectly understood that the common obligations of justice and humanity bound men in the exercise of the rights of war, as of all other rights. When men committed wanton cruelty, they may not have been said to violate the laws of war; but they were stigmatized as violating the great principles of morality and justice. The Church frequently interposed, with success, to mitigate the ferocity of warfare. “The truce of God” was religiously respected in the fiercest contests. The right of selling prisoners into slavery was virtually abrogated by a decree of Pope Alexander III. Many positive rules were scrupulously observed. Violence to a herald or an ambassador was a crime as heinous as is now that of firing on a flag of truce. The pages both of Greek and Roman history are full of instances of advantages scornfully rejected when they were to be obtained by baseness or fraud. Private assassination was held in abhorrence. No jurist ever justified the breach of a capitulation. Sallust does not hesitate to describe the act of Marius in putting to death the Numidians who surrendered at Capsa as a crime against the laws of war—*facinus contra ius belli*. The sternest asserters of the extreme rights of war never denied that those rights must be qualified by the great rules of natural justice:—

Quod non vetat lex hoc vetat fieri pudor.

The generally received opinion of what constituted natural equity always controlled and modified the rights of war. As that opinion became more enlightened, the rigour of those rights has been softened. If war is now less cruel than formerly, it is because mankind have become more civilized and humane. The truth was at all times acknowledged which Lord Bacon has expressed in a noble passage:—

Wars are not massacres and confusions, but they are the highest trial of right when princes and states that acknowledge no superior on earth shall put themselves upon the justice of God for the directing of their controversies as it shall please him to give success to either side. And, as in the process of particular pleas between man and man all things ought to be ordered by the rules of civil laws, so in the proceedings of the war nothing ought to be done against the laws of nations or the laws of honour.

Sir Robert Phillimore appears to think that the positive rules which regulate war are perfectly fixed:—

This international right of action (he says) has become from long usage, implying general consent, from the reason of the thing, from Christian principles, and partly, no doubt, from the institution of chivalry, well furnished with rules and maxims for its conduct. It is regulated by a code as precise as that which governs the intercourse of nations in their peaceful relations to each other.

We are disposed to say that this never can be the case. In the view we take of the existence of extreme rights of war, many of them to be exercised only in the last necessity, much must be left to the discretion of the general. We might test the accuracy of this passage by asking for a reference to any rule which would fix with clearness and precision the character which attaches to President Davis's threatened retaliation. Even the act of General M'Neil might find precedents and maxims which would appear to bring it within the laws of war. It is not so much by technical principles as by the common instincts of our nature that we adjudge that act to have been an inhuman murder. If it was within the rights of war these rights were barbarously put in force. But how are we to judge of the act of the Confederate President? Is this one of the retaliations which are sanctioned by the usages of war? Reprisals of this nature were more favoured in old times than they are in modern practice. The notion of a life for a life formerly prevailed, as we read of the Gibeonites obtaining satisfaction for the crime of Saul by having his sons delivered over to them for execution. Modern jurists defend the practice of retaliation upon the principle of self-defence, as it may be the only means of preventing the continuance of atrocities.

“If a General of the enemy has without just reason” (writes Vattel) “caused some prisoners to be hanged, a like number of his men, and of the same rank, will be hung up, signifying to him that this retaliation will be continued for obliging him to observe the rules of war. It is a sad extremity thus to put a prisoner to death for his General's crime; yet, as a Prince or a General has the right of sacrificing the lives of his enemies for the safety

of his men if he is engaged with an inhuman enemy, who frequently commit such enormities, he appears to have a right of refusing life to some of the prisoners he may take.

If the principle of self-preservation be the only one on which such reprisals can be justified, it would seem difficult to bring President Davis's act within the rule. It would be still more difficult to make good the excuse that "he is engaged with an inhuman enemy, who frequently commits such enormities." The safety of his army from such outrages would require him to abstain from any reprisal. The threatened execution of ten Federal officers would infallibly have the effect of provoking fresh acts of cruelty on the part of his opponents. The general effect of retaliation is to perpetuate an inhuman war of endless revenges. If General McNeil were himself taken prisoner, no one would blame President Davis for visiting him with the consequences of his own act; but to execute ten innocent officers for it would be an outrage against natural justice. It cannot be denied that the rule of retaliation is a part of the law of war. But if the true test of its propriety be whether it be adopted for revenge or self-preservation, it will be very hard to defend this particular instance of the right. If the jurist could not condemn it as a technical violation of the laws of war, he must certainly pronounce it an inhuman exercise of the extreme rights sanctioned by those laws. Were Grotius writing in the present day, he would say boldly that which he implies in the cautious and hesitating language we have quoted. Retaliation should never be resorted to, except in the last necessity, when repeated violations of the laws of war by the enemy have shown that it is absolutely necessary to adopt some means of stopping them, and when every other remonstrance has been tried and failed. Even then it should be resorted to with the utmost caution, and only with the object of preventing the repetition of the outrages, or, possibly, where the practices complained of were of such a nature that the whole army might be said to adopt them. But in this latter case each person would, in fact, suffer for his own crime. When modern jurists write in this spirit upon the subject of reprisals of cruelty, the assent of the wise and good of all countries will most assuredly establish their maxims by universal recognition as a portion of the public law.

PRINCE LUCIEN MURAT.

THE French Emperor is, in one point of view, fortunate in his cousins. Prince Napoleon and Prince Lucien Murat, if not ornamental, are decidedly useful appendages to the Napoleonic dynasty. Through them the august Head of the House can get things said, with a certain *quasi*-Imperial authority, which it is convenient for his purposes that somebody should say, but which it may also be convenient for his Government to be able to unsay and disavow. When he wishes to try a doubtful experiment on French or European opinion—to familiarize people's minds with some idea or project which it may hereafter be expedient to carry out, but to which he is unprepared to commit himself past recall—one of the cousins may always be depended upon to perform the humble but necessary function. As it luckily happens that their respective idiosyncrasies and ambitions naturally predispose them to different branches of political business, he has the singular advantage of being able to experiment in opposite directions at one and the same time. Prince Napoleon undertakes the ultra-Liberal department, and keeps alive the sacred tradition which identifies Bonapartism with the cause of democracy, progress, and the nationalities. When it is deemed desirable to suggest to mankind that a magnanimous Emperor is on the very point of finally making up his mind to withdraw his armed support from Papal misrule and leave Italy to the Italians, a speech in the Senate by the most eloquent of modern Jacobins produces the desired impression without compromising the Imperial policy. The other cousin, though less conspicuous, is equally serviceable in the reactionary and anti-Italian line. If it is considered advantageous to sow discord in the peninsula, to stir up existing provincial jealousies which may impede or undo the work of national consolidation, to resuscitate the insidious project of a Federation, and to insult or worry a too independent ally by threatening to split his dominions in two, Prince Lucien Murat is the man. All that is required is to let him put forth one of his periodical manifestoes to the "Kingdom of the Two Sicilies." It can do no harm, and may do good. The Prince is not the Emperor, and can always be disavowed, if necessary. At the same time, an Imperial Prince is an Imperial Prince, and a Napoleonic pretender to an Italian throne is a personage who may, in certain conceivable contingencies, be found a useful piece on the political chess-board. Napoleon III. really would be at a great loss without his august relatives. For a potentate with a number of iron always in the fire, it is impossible to exaggerate the convenience of an arrangement which enables him to go great lengths in any given direction, while retaining the option of a safe and dignified retreat.

Another of the familiar missives from the Château de Bouzenval, addressed to some unnamed (perhaps non-existent) "dear Prince," has just reminded the world that it is no part of the Imperial policy to favour the growth of a united, powerful, and independent Italy. A Paris newspaper is permitted, without official rebuke or molestation, to publish what is neither more nor less than an invitation to half the subjects of an ally to throw off their allegiance and set up for themselves. The fact is curious and significant as an illustration of Napoleonic ideas; but otherwise, the whole affair is as ridiculous as it is, in all probability,

practically harmless. Apart from the sinister purpose indicated by the Imperial toleration of an avowed pretender to an Italian Crown, the claim of Prince Lucien to the "Kingdom of the Two Sicilies" can only be regarded as a singularly silly jest. A more ludicrous travesty of legitimacy was never perpetrated than in the pretensions of the son of Joachim Murat to be King of the Two Sicilies. As it happens, there is no "Kingdom of the Two Sicilies," to begin with. If there were, the throne is not vacant. And if the throne were vacant, there is not the smallest reason to believe that any descendant of Joachim would be asked to occupy it. For cool unadulterated impudence, the manifestoes which issue every now and then from the Château de Bouzenval are really unrivaled. In the document now before us, the Prince begins by informing his probably mythical correspondent that he is immensely delighted with "the progress made by our party in public opinion"—a progress of which we can only say that its signs are not visible to the naked eye of the ordinary political observer. It is not from any selfish personal consideration, but in the interest of a high morality, that he rejoices in the belief that things are ripening towards the early dismemberment of Italy. It is a proud position that "our party" occupies in the midst of the contending factions which distract and oppress a people panting for freedom. While the Bourbonists rob and murder, and commit all sorts of bloody excesses, and the Piedmontese intruders are mere military tyrants, "ours is a victory exclusively moral." "Let this moral preponderance, my dear Prince, be our chief aim." Be it ours to put from us all sordid motives and irregular passions, and seek only to "defend by every legal means the rights and the interests of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies." Wherever there is a Neapolitan or Sicilian cause to advocate, whether in the humblest village *commune* or in the so-called national Parliament, "there let our adherents be found, to direct and counsel, to propose reforms, to invoke the elements of public prosperity," &c. In plainer words, let us never miss an opportunity, whether in great things or small, of making political capital out of the provincial feuds and antipathies which, duly improved, may serve to rend Italy in twain. This may be slow work, but the Prince can willingly wait; for he thinks "not of himself, but only of the country" which it is his pride to regard with hereditary affection. In fact, he wishes it to be known that it is really quite immaterial to him personally whether he ever mounts his father's throne or not. He has not a particle of vulgar dynastic ambition. All he wants is to see the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies in the enjoyment of that temperate freedom which neither Bourbonists nor Piedmontese will ever give. "What may be the future which Providence has in store for me," is a very secondary question indeed. Only it may be right to mention that if what Providence has in store for him should turn out to be the Crown of the Two Sicilies, it will be so much the better for the people of the Two Sicilies; for "our Government will not be the monopoly of a clique," but "a Government open to all, thus realizing the supreme wish of my heart—namely, a radical political and social reconciliation." In short, while desiring nothing whatever for himself, Prince Lucien Murat thinks it a duty to humanity to tell Naples and Sicily that he sympathizes profoundly with the intolerable wrongs which they suffer at the hands of their Piedmontese oppressors, but that they would make a terrible mistake if they were to fall back on the Bourbons, and that if at any time they should happen to want a really good king they cannot be far wrong in applying to him.

There is happily little prospect that this incendiary twaddle will do any serious mischief. We know of no evidence to prove that there is, or ever was, a genuine Muratist party at Naples; and it is doubtless within the power of a prudent and vigorous administration to overcome those municipal jealousies which constitute the only real strength of any separatist faction. It may readily be believed that an impulsive Southern population, unused to serious political thought, is slow to appreciate the merits of a system of government which has its seat as far off as Turin; and time must elapse before Naples will entirely cease to regret the days when she had a King and a Court of her own. Experience has, however, already shown that Neapolitans are quite capable of an enthusiastic and demonstrative loyalty to a King of all Italy if they can only see him, and it may be hoped that Victor Emmanuel will be advised to cultivate more freely the affections of his Southern subjects. The frequent presence of the Court at Naples will perhaps go further than even the best of good government to render both Bourbon reaction and Muratist intrigue visibly hopeless. In the meanwhile, we may be allowed to wonder that an Emperor who understands his epoch should deem it judicious to insult and exasperate Italy by committing at open attacks on the unity and independence of the national monarchy which he has ostensibly recognised. It is easy to say that he has never endorsed the claims of a foolish and conceited pretender to the throne of a kingdom which has ceased to exist; but no one will believe that he has not a purpose to serve in permitting an agitation which a word from him would suppress. The very least that can be inferred from these Muratist manifestoes is that it is consistent with the policy of Napoleon III. to keep Italy, if he can, weak and divided, and that he would view with entire complacency a revolution which robbed Victor Emmanuel of half his dominions. It is singular that a ruler whom the world is wont to credit with more than average sagacity should think it to his advantage to renounce whatever claim he may have established on the gratitude and good will of the Italian people.

THE SWORD.

HAVING, of late, sufficiently discussed the human fist in its application to the human countenance, it is our present purpose to expound to our pacific friends the principles which determine the shape of an article which we fear they are not fond of looking at — viz. the sword. A lecture was delivered some months ago, at the United Service Institution, on a recondite but, as we think, interesting subject — “the Shape of Sword-blades.” This lecture has recently been printed in the Society’s *Journal*, and by reading it we have had the advantage of refreshing our memory of what we heard. The lecturer, Mr. John Latham, has a thorough practical knowledge of his subject, and treats it briefly, clearly, and unaffectedly. A perfect sword should be, if possible, equally well adapted to cut, to thrust, and to guard. The first two of these objects were studied long before the third. The history of fencing belongs chiefly to the last three centuries, and the art of making blade serve at once for sword and shield appears to have shared, in Britain, the unpopularity of other foreign innovations. We all remember how Roderick Dhu suffered from want of a target in his duel with Fitz-James. No doubt the Highland Chief carried a claymore like that described in this lecture: — “You will find the hand so cramped that it is not possible to form a guard with it truly and readily; this is explained by the fact that the claymore was not used in guarding.” It is not uncommon in examining old swords to fancy that the heroes of bye-gone ages must have had smaller hands than we have; but the truth is, that those swords were not intended to be used as we should use them. Even at this day, the formidable swordsmen whom English troops encounter in Indian wars never think of guarding with the blade, but trust to steel gauntlets, helmet, and shield, and to the quickness with which they can evade blows struck at them. The fine edge of their weapon would suffer by receiving blows upon it. The keenness of these swords seems wonderful to those who are used to the weapons of an English army, and it is so highly valued by the owners that they do not risk injuring the edge by a scabbard, but carry the sword wrapped in greased linen until the moment arrives for using it. It is remarkable that Eastern swordsmen — although so skilful in defence against cuts — have very little notion of opposing the point, which is always an English trooper’s best resource against them. It would, indeed, be ridiculous to match the cutting power of the ordinary sabre against the tulwar, which produces, in the hands of men inferior in stature and bodily strength to our soldiers, effects which strike the beholder with astonishment. These effects are partly due to the curved shape and keen edge of the tulwar, and partly to the way of using it. There are, as we learn from this lecture, three different methods of cutting. First, keeping the elbow and wrist stiff, and making a sweep with the weapon, throwing the whole force of the body into the blow, the swordsman gives what may be called a “slicing” cut. This cut, well delivered, will take off the head or leg of a man. Secondly, making a downright blow from the shoulder and fore-arm, he gives a “chopping” cut. This is an Englishman’s instinctive method of cutting, as any one may see by observing how he himself or a neighbour will use a sword for the first time. This cut is most effective upon a hard substance, such as iron, wood, or lead. Thirdly, using a light sword as the German students do in their duels, keeping the elbow and arm stiff, and making a quick cut from the wrist, the swordsman gives a “whip” cut. It is curious to remark that the first method is as universal in the East as the second is in Europe. It also deserves notice how common is the error of a very strong and powerful man choosing a heavy sword, and fancying that he can do more with it than with a light one. “Because he feels that it requires greater exertion of strength on his part to put it into motion, he naturally fancies the effect produced will be greater.” It would be easy to quote passages from poems and romances showing that this error is common, not only among European swordsmen, but also among those who have recorded or imagined their exploits.

An examination of the shape of sword-blades shows that they are all modifications of the wedge. In a cutting sword, which is intended to cleave metal or bone, the angle of the wedge formed by the blade must not be less than forty degrees, and may advantageously be more. But a wedge making such an angle would be so thick and heavy as to be useless for a sword. Some method must be found of lightening the blade, while preserving the necessary angle near the edge. The various methods of doing this, by cutting grooves along the blade, can only be satisfactorily explained by diagrams showing transverse sections of swords of various times and countries. Swords for thrusting are lightened similarly by grooves. The Biscayan form, better known as the French duelling rapier, has three deep grooves. This has been, till recently, the weapon used in French duels, but we believe the latest Parisian fashion adopts what Shakespeare calls an “unbated” fencing-foil ground sharp. The efficiency of a sword for guarding depends on what is called “balance”—a thing much easier to feel than to explain. It results from the relative positions of the centre of gravity and the centre of percussion. We need hardly say that the principles expounded in this lecture do not meet with much attention in the armament of British soldiers. An infantry officer’s regulation-sword of twenty-five years ago is described as “the worst possible arrangement of hilt, blade, and shape that could be contrived.” At the time this model was adopted, the three principal purveyors of swords to the British army were a tailor, a gold-lace-man, and a hatter. Perhaps the uselessness of the

model may be ascribed to the influence of this strange triumvirate. The lecturer traces the history of the present curved sword-bayonet, which is used with the short Enfield rifle. It seems that this bayonet comes to us, through French patterns, from the yataghan, which is a weapon beautifully adapted to the motion of the wrist in cutting, but heavy and unmanageable at the end of a gun. The reason why this pattern came to be adopted here was simply that it had been tried in France. In the usual course of events we shall abandon it, but whether we get anything better will depend on chance—except, indeed, that it would be difficult to contrive anything worse.

It is justly remarked in this lecture that, if cutting were the only effect desired from a weapon, the most perfect form of it would be the axe. But it would be impossible to recover to guard with the axe, and therefore when that weapon was used in combat, the antagonist’s blows were received upon a shield. The same observation would apply to the mace, which is said to have been the favourite weapon of the Church Militant. For particular purposes, the power of a sword might be increased by making the back of the blade hollow and putting mercury in the hilt, so as to be carried towards the point in cutting; or by fitting a ball of steel so as to slide down the blade, as in some of the German headsman’s swords. But these contrivances are evidently inconsistent with the use of the sword for defence. The Highlander used in his defence both a target on the left arm and a dirk in the left hand. When shields began to be disused, the rapier and dagger were comrades in many a duel; and in old treatises on the art of self-defence the use of the two combined is taught. It was in the highest perfection of this art that the dagger was laid aside, and the swordsman dared to trust his life to the offensive and defensive power of the rapier held in his right hand. In the lowest decline of the same art, which may be placed in our own day, many persons carry swords which they scarcely know how to use; and many of the swords they carry could scarcely be used, if they knew how to use them. The art which has thus risen and fallen within three or four centuries appears to have been unknown, or, at any rate, unstudied, in ancient times. The sword of Greece and Rome was incomplete without the shield. The Romans, however, trained their legions on the principle laid down in this lecture, that “the thrust is infinitely preferable to the cut,” because it goes more quickly to the mark, is more deadly, and is made with less exposure to the swordsman’s person. As has been said above, those are awful cuts which the Indian tulwar makes; but the position from which they are delivered is one in which the master of a straight rapier would only need to see his adversary for one second. The Romans gave this sagacious preference to thrusting, but it seems that the ancients generally did not. In modern times the superiority of thrusting has been insisted on by some high authorities. At the crisis of the battle of Wagram, Napoleon called out to his reserve of cavalry as they passed him—“No sabreing. Give point, and forward.” But, nevertheless, cutting is the popular movement, perhaps because its very demonstrative character and the clatter made by it may be trusted to frighten some of those whom it does not hurt. The heaviest English swords are those two-handed weapons of which specimens may be seen in ancient armories. The weight was no doubt intended to divide or crush both armour and the limbs encased in it. These swords have no guard, but a simple cross-piece or “crutch,” like that of the sword of King Richard Cœur-de-Lion, in Marochetti’s statue. It has sometimes been supposed that this cross-handled sword was designed for a religious emblem as well as for a weapon of destruction, so that, better than even the spear of which Ovid writes—

Vulneris auxilium Pelias hasta tulit—

it could at once kill the body and save the soul. But this theory is upset by the fact that the Mahratta tulwar has, and probably the Moslem cimeter had, nearly the same “crutch.” The explanation as regards both weapons is the same, viz. that they were not meant for guarding.

If the preference for thrusting over cutting became general, the result would be that swordsmen in all armies would be furnished with straight swords. The advantage of a perfectly straight weapon for thrusting cannot be better illustrated than by comparing the two patterns of bayonets now used in the English army—viz. the straight weapon which appertains to the long, and the curved weapon which accompanies the short, Enfield rifle. On the other hand, the advantage of a curved sword for cutting is explained in this lecture, by considering the portion of the sword which enters the body as a wedge. Omitting, as we are obliged to do, the accompanying diagram, and the references to it, the explanation will stand thus:—“If the sword-blade move in a straight line to cut any object, it will merely cut in the same way that a wedge of the same breadth as the blade would do. But the effect of the curve is to throw the edge more forward, so that it cuts as a longer and more acute wedge, the extreme thickness (which is that of the back of the sword) being fixed.” It is added that, looking at the matter in this way, the effect of the curve in the Indian tulwar, as compared with a straight blade, is that it cuts as though it were four times as broad, and only one-fourth the thickness. No doubt it was with a weapon of this make that that famous stroke was given which could not be felt at all until the receiver of it ascertained, by shaking himself, that he had been cut in two. The cutting power of a straight blade may be improved by making a drawing or slicing cut with it—a simple expedient not unknown in the warfare of the Christmas dinner-table.

Some of the weapons produced or referred to in illustration of this lecture were made at Klingenthal, on the Rhine, the sword-factory established by Napoleon I. The example of attention to the shape of sword-blades thus set to the French army has not been lost upon it. Activity and ingenuity have exhibited themselves in a great variety of patterns, good and bad. Our part, when we have taken any part, has usually been that of blind adoption of the result of French judgment or caprice. To study the subject far enough to understand the considerations which produced the many existing varieties of swords has probably never entered into the minds of more than a very few Englishmen. Many of us must have noticed the grooves along a sword-blade, without dreaming that they had more to do with its efficiency than the maker's name and flourishes, or a verse of the Koran in the same place. But as the subject, even in this polite age, is of some practical importance, it is well that it has been clearly treated in the lecture to which we have drawn attention.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

IT would seem to be superfluous to vindicate the propriety of retaining the Westminster Play, unless there were vague intimations of the existence of a feeling hostile to the continuance of this picturesque celebration. All sorts of little excuses are eagerly seized for suspending the performance, and though we quite concur in the propriety of the reasons which existed at this mournful period of last year for laying aside this annual celebration of the oldest of our London public schools, we are by no means so well contented with the futile pleas which occasionally prevail with authorities in the same direction. It might be enough to say that, as we have very few institutions so harmless and so graceful which connect us with the past, we ask that very grave objections must be very strongly urged before we consent to abandon a prescription of three centuries. What was found to be useful in Queen Elizabeth's days must at least be proved to be injurious in Queen Victoria's. No doubt we may be wiser, purer, better in tone and principle than our ancestors; but this must be shown. The burthen of the proof of the immorality or futility of acting Terence is on the objectors. And they will have to confront arguments which are not lightly to be disposed of. Abstractedly, of course, there may be reasons against boys acting a play of Terence in classical costume, as there may be reasons against sovereigns and noblemen and prelates and dignified clergymen wearing garters and ribbons blue and red. But the order of the Bath and the order of the Garter are retained for reasons much the same in kind as those which might be urged for the Westminster Play. There the thing is; it links us to the past; it is a graceful tradition; it keeps up social feelings; and a great school has its history, its traditions, its feelings, its picturesque associations. Further than this, the Westminster Play has certain positive claims as an educational instrument. Scholars tell us that the study of Latin is by no means so thorough in England or so good as it was. No doubt the original purpose of the Westminster Play was to familiarize boys with colloquial Latin. Unless Terence were got up in this way at Westminster, it may be doubted whether the study of this particular author would not almost die out in England; and yet there can be no question that for certain purposes the study of Latin comedy is invaluable. Latin is not now as it was three centuries ago—a spoken language; but this is a matter much to be regretted. It is impossible really to know a language unless we know its spoken language; and in Terence, and in a less degree in Plautus, we have the only vestiges of the Latin of living Rome in its best period. This consideration alone forms the best defence of the Westminster Play. And there is a cognate reason. All scholars admit—and we find the last and fullest testimony in favour of the practice urged by a writer on classical studies in the *Cambridge Students' Guide* recently published—that it is necessary to learn by heart large and long passages of classical authors. Usually, in public schools, Horace and Virgil are employed for this purpose. But this is a very one-sided and partial exercise. A Latin style and familiarity with its uses and idioms is not to be learned from the poets alone, nor from the essayists and orators alone; though we are not aware that it is, or ever has been, the custom in public schools to learn even Cicero or Tacitus by heart. It might be better if it were. But at Westminster this difficulty is met. To get up, simply as an exercise of memory, the principal characters of Terence, is an admirable educational instrument in acquiring not only Latin, but the working, conversational Latin of actual Roman life. No doubt the Roman drama is, in form, metrical, but there is no doubt also that it is the Latin which was spoken; and it holds just the same affinity to the living Latin of Roman life as the French of *L'Avare* does to the spoken French of Molière's days.

In other words, the classical studies of a school, with the getting up of Virgil and Horace, and Tacitus and Juvenal, as books, want complementing by the dramatists. Books teach a language in one way—the stage teaches it in another. The one fits into the other. And it is curious enough to see that in schools where there is no formal representation of a play, the masters seem naturally, and as a matter of course, to fall back on the dramatic authors to supplement the school studies of prose books. On the very same day, last Tuesday, that the *Andria* was acted at Westminster, the newspapers tell us that, at the Speech day at Merchant Taylors, "scenes from the *Knights* of Aristophanes, the *Andria* of Terence, the *Fourberies de Scapin* of Molière, and the

Goodnatured Man of Goldsmith, were sustained with much comic humour by the scholars of the head form." At Eton and Harrow we believe it is the same. The old tedious speeches are now generally, and somewhat recently, superseded by dramatic selections. That is to say, all schoolmasters find that if boys are to commit to memory long pieces of any authors, the dramatic authors are more useful than the poets and orators. And the reason of it is plain. Not only does the stage alone present the language of real life, but the niceties of language, the subtleties of thought, the rarer felicities of diction, are better acquired by that more careful and precise study which is required in an actor, than by the perfunctory study of an author for the purpose of construing in class.

Such are at least some of the arguments which might be urged on the positive side for the retention of the Westminster Play; and they are perhaps worthy of the consideration of the Public School Commissioners, some of whom were present at the representation of *Andria* on Tuesday evening. Minor considerations might of course be weighed, not the least influential of which is the social tie which this annual holiday maintains. Old Westminsters renew the feelings of youth in presence of the familiar traditions of Terence. It is pleasant to see how the *habitués*, once themselves actors in the very same parts, seize the old familiar points, especially the Latin Grammar quotations, and the hits which perhaps commenced under the rule of Busby seem to have lost none of their interest under Mr. Scott. Bishops and judges, and great lawyers see in the sons of bishops—one of whom, Mr. O'Brien, carried off the honours of the stage as *Davus*—and in the sons of great lawyers, such as Mr. Phillimore, the *Pamphilus* of the day, the promise of renewing themselves and their youth; and it is at least a harmless gratification to give to the educated men of London—the men of parliaments, courts, and pulpits—this annual opportunity of rubbing up their rusty Latinity, or of airing the mouldy and fading reminiscences of the classical days of their youth. For, after all, the Westminster Play is a common property of English education and of educated men. It survives not only as a memorial of the past, but as a unique celebration, which, in these dull times, we can little afford to lose. That grim old dormitory of St. Peter's College, although cut up by some reforming nonsense, in the way of new-fangled "cubicles," is a British institution; and it is one which, with its annual "Night with Terence," we are not disposed to sacrifice to pedantic and old-maidish objections.

What, on the other hand, is urged against the Westminster Play? It is said to be a waste of time, as regards the business of the school, and a dangerous temptation to the morals of the actors. The former objection we have already dealt with; as to the latter, we must say that it is an unfair cavil. Where this objection is really felt, it must lie much deeper; and it ought to be openly and fairly urged against the whole system of classical education in England. No doubt this, in its entirety, is a formidable objection. It may be said, and has been said, and said well, that the whole principle of the thing is bad, from first to last—that the material virtues and heroism of the classics are utterly opposed to the spirit and teaching of the Gospel—that Homer and his heroes are false, and bad in principle—that the very best that can be got out of the whole of classical literature is unchristian, and especially unevangelical. It is urged that one of the greatest hindrances to the reception, and therefore to the practice, of Christianity is to be found in the poison with which European thought is infected by its connexion with Greece and Rome, and with Greek and Roman literature; and, in a word, that it is hopeless to expect educated men to be thorough Christians, while their youthful minds are saturated with the specious vices of Homer and the Greek poets, or with the delusive virtues of classical history and biography. This view, in recent times, has been urged by the disciples of the *Ver Rongeur*, and with great force by the well-known essayist, John Foster. At any rate, this argument is consistent, as a whole, and ought to be used as a whole. If this is what the opponents of the Westminster Play mean, it would be more honest to say so. No doubt they have a great deal to urge; and when it is urged, we dare say there will be plenty to say on the opposite side. But, at present, and this we regret, this is not said. As the thing stands, we are in this position. It is right for lads to read Aristophanes—wrong for them to act Terence. Merely to write down this monstrous inconsistency is to refute it. Acting a play, after all, is nothing more than a very complete and scientific reading. Nobody with a spark of intelligence can read the *Knights*, or the *Wasps*, without throwing himself unconsciously into the dramatic attitude, and stage business, and elocution of the thing. If we are not to act Terence, we ought not to read Terence. If this is what is meant, we must say that it is very unfair not to say so. And if we are not to read Terence, what on earth out of the cycle of barbarous Latin are we to read? If Prudentius and Sedulius are to replace Virgil, let us be fairly told so. As things are, and till the opponents of the Westminster play tell us what they really want, we must charge them with inconsistency. For as to the positive, to say nothing of the relative, immorality of Terence, it is absurd to discuss such an objection. The fault of the *Andria*, for example, is its exceeding dulness. As far as we can make out, Tuesday's representation was a little Bowdlerized; and it is possible that Little Peddlington was scandalized, even as it was, by the appearance of poor *Glycerium's* hasty baby. But even though a secret marriage had not been interpolated into the text, to save

Pamphilus' propriety, and to spoil the plot, such as it is, what is there to shock the most sensitive modesty, out of Boston, in the text of Terence? No doubt there was a *meretrice*; but a *meretrice* such as *Glycerium* certainly does not recall either the *demi-monde* of the Parisian stage, or the female of the Haymarket. No doubt, also, there was a Mrs. Gamp presented on the stage; but if the existence in talk of an *obstetric* is to corrupt the rising youth of England, the rising youth of England must be very badly taught by their governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters. They are but bad guides of education who think that Terence can corrupt the mind of youth.

We have hardly left ourselves space to criticize the particular representation of the present year. The play was the *Andria*—a dull play even for Terence, and one which, except in the character of *Davies*, offers but little opportunity for the actor. The New Comedy of Athens was, after all, a very conventional and artificial affair. A very narrow class exhausted the characters; and they were all typical. An old man, sometimes two old men—one mild and slow, one pompous and hasty; a walking lover, lachrymose, sensational, and helpless; a slave, intriguing, clever, and mischievous; a *meretrice* shy, or a *munda persona*; a sycophant, on whom, or on the slave, usually the real work of the play falls, and the same clumsy disentanglement of a complication from the first very unnatural—these are the chief features of the comedy of Menander. The *Andria* is the most cut-and-dry specimen of the conventional New Comedy, and it is no small praise to the Westminster actors to say that they made the most of it. Mr. O'Brien (*Davies*) really acted with very great skill, and a thorough appreciation of character; Mr. Bosanquet made more than we thought possible of the tedious father (*Simo*); and to Mr. Phillimore, as *Pamphilus*, must be awarded the praise of a conscientious and painstaking elocution, while his sprightly face led to the feeling that he would have been more at home in any other character than that of *Glycerium's* dreary and helpless lover. As usual, the Epilogue was lively, but we think that we remember livelier on the Westminster boards. The acting is always vigorous, and always meets, as it deserves to meet, a most sympathetic audience; and though we were able to accord high praise to the innovation which two years ago attempted a play of *Plautus*, yet, judging from the testimony of the spectators, some of whom seemed to be familiar with the memories of some thirty or forty of these representations, the return to allegiance to Terence is very popular. St. Peter's College is a very conservative place—so conservative that even the Ultra-Anglican pronunciation of Latin is pursued in all its barbarism. We wonder what a foreigner would make of the word *charta*, pronounced as it is at Westminster, like the English word *cheese*?

FOUNDER'S DAY AT CHARTERHOUSE.

WAS it a purely accidental coincidence that the Carthusians this year celebrated their Founder's memory on the same day on which the Smithfield Club wound up their imposing anniversary? These parallel institutions, once close in local contiguity—not to speak of congruity and condignity, which, from the lapse of time during which they had subsisted side by side, may surely be inferred—were found to coincide in respect of time. It must have been a severe shock to old and young Carthusians when the live-meat market walked off. There is, however, that beautiful sympathy of which poets speak, observable between those severed members which once formed a harmonious whole. Even as the head of Orpheus was heard to murmur "Eurydice," when parted from his shoulders, so now the Club which takes its name—all there is left to take now—from Smithfield reverts for its anniversary to the period when the memory of Sutton is greenest; but, alas! hoof and horn, and dog and drover, have vanished from the scene which they once enlivened. There stands St. Bartholomew's on one side and Charterhouse on the other, and Smithfield yawns a dreary waste between; but where is *Snifel*? The Monday scene which imprinted itself so vividly on the Carthusian memory by the aid probably of more senses than one, has dissolved. If you require its monuments, look around you. There stand the pens, there may be traced the gutters, now dry, which solaced the nerves and braced the health of the sturdy Deputy Hicks, and which had enriched and endeared the atmosphere to generation after generation of Carthusians. The deputy sniffs the morning dew no more; the *bouquet de mille fleurs* no more is wafted to the nostrils of gown-boys.

But we linger round the approaches. Let us enter the Chapel, a late lump of heavy-featured architecture in a paulo-post Tudor style. There are the old brethren in their ample dark cloaks. There are the gown-boys of all ages from eight to eighteen. There are the master and officers, and in the gallery several of their families. There are some representative old Carthusians sprinkling the other seats. Perhaps there will be more in time for dinner, and probably then some of the governors too. The preacher—of course a *pur sang* Carthusian—holds a fat, swampy living somewhere among the heavy clays of the Cambridgeshire fens. He has been getting that sermon ready for years past. Men say he has been going on—reversing the order of the transaction in the case of the Sibylline books—*adding to*, instead of diminishing the discourse every year he has been put off from preaching it. His hearers seem at least to think so now. They sit under him, verifying in person the rumour, which some treated as mere myth; and he is probably not beyond the third or fourth year at most, and there are several more of these annual rings of wood to saw through before he

reaches the pith of the matter—viz. the immortal memory of Thomas Sutton, whose monumental effigy, with beard, and gown, and all complete, gay in new paint and gilding, thrills with the eloquent tones as the peroration is at last achieved.

The scene shifts to the Governors' council-chamber, where is as tight a cram as the walls can hold. The old Carthusians, who sparsely attended the previous rites, are reinforced; the boys are perched close—so close that they look like a lot of larks on a skewer; the company of distinction—bishops, judges, Cabinet Ministers, great scholars, and great unknowns—fill the *subsellia* in the middle; the lesser notables find room where they can. The object of interest now is the "orator" of the year—an upper boy, who will soon step off to College with a scholarship, and who, in unimpeachable Latin, reviews the changes which the year has wrought in the Carthusian body. The distinguished scholars and divines listen *arrectis auribus*, prepared from this sample to form their opinion of how far sound learning has fallen off—for of course somewhat it must have fallen off—since they were in the same position as the youth yonder with faint whiskers and a vigorous white tie. The oration is partaken of by these critics as a wine of a choice vineyard and famous mark is sniffed and sipped by *connaisseurs*. The orator is not sorry when it is over—not that he is nervous, of course not; but partly because he has rehearsed it, or some of it, every day for the last month, and twice a day for the last week; and partly because it concludes amidst a thunder of applause which shakes the chandelier, and sets the old tapestry waving on the wall, accompanied by a shower of gold which deposits its heavy drops in the orator's cap. The youth stands exposed for some minutes to the pelting of the friendly storm, whilst the applauding chorus of gown-boys, excited either by the Ciceronian purity of the Latin, or by the speedy prospect of breaking up, continues to burst out afresh as every guinea drops in. At last, this—the second act of the drama—is concluded, and the party disperse in order to reassemble, save the youthful portion of it, in greater force in the dining-hall below. Here all are present who mean to show as good Carthusians. The room is somewhat spacious and stately, cumbered with a gallery on its side, and another at its end, having a dais and founder's portrait at the upper extremity, and ponderous screens at bottom to keep out the draughts. Why, by the way, have all founders of the Elizabethan and James I.'s period the same type of face—a type not unlike the description of Coleridge's "ancient mariner?"—

Long, and lean, and brown
As is the ribbed sea-sand—

save that a beard, of "sable-silvered," finishes the juncture of face and ruff. We have seen one founder's portrait, posthumous, and painted, as alleged, from his sister, yet preserving the same withered regulation visage, beard and all. Leaving this question, however, for the morrow, we take our places in the Hall for the evening. Shall we have a musical grace, or a sober benediction from the senior bishop present, or a *Benedic, Domine*, from the scholar and orator of the day? We believe the last is most honoured by precedent, but at any rate the array of catgut and wind in the further gallery promises harmony enough and to spare before the dinner is over. The luckless men whose napkins are stuck at the angles of the cross-table, or who find themselves billeted among a loose flight of young officers on Indian leave, or of briefless barristers, whilst the men of their own set and standing are fraternizing full in view on the opposite side of the Hall, have, of course, their own opinion about the stewards. But on the whole, it is an uproar of exuberant chat which the music imperfectly drowns. The cheer is slightly Elizabethan. Indeed few tables are called upon to stand under heavier relative weights than those which support the carnivorous celebration of the memory of Thomas Sutton. Not that lighter articles are forgotten—witness those marvellous trophies of sweetstuff just ready to come on or to melt in the attempt.

In the other gallery hover various youthful forms—the gown-boys left by fate to the last, and who cannot resist the dreadful fascination of looking on with watering mouths at a dinner which others consume. How they impend, head and wings over the gallery, showing just like cherubs up aloft, and eye the barley-sugar ship and the elegant, but ah! too fleeting forms in which the fancy of the architect in pastry loves to revel, as if they could, like the youth potted and planted by Canidia in the *Epode, in memori spectaculo*. Looking round at the company in detail, we catch a group of heads at the high table who would be leaders anywhere. Law, physic, divinity, and literature are well represented—arms less conspicuously so, but the memory of Havelock makes up for a good deal. There is a pillar of justice, whose ermine—not that he dines in it—is spotless, but in whose presence Cytherea's doves would fly asunder and demand a separate maintenance. There is a Bishop who did not edit a Greek play before consecration, and has not since picked holes in the Pentateuch. There is a Dean whose cathedral is the glory of its county; and there is the great satirist of the day, who, since he *sale multo urbem defrictum*, and has immortalized *Domus* to boot, may be called the *genius loci*, the legitimate successor of Addison and Steele. They will be all up on their legs in turn, for some excuse or other will be found for screwing a speech out of them, and another glass of wine into the company. Mr. Whackaway—so let us call him in honour of the raps he has dealt high and low, in fun or in earnest—will recall his early Carthusian days, and tell the company how he trembled before the awful tones, when, in the midst of an unprepared Virgil lesson, he heard the summons to "go on!" It is a night of old stories. There

perhaps are still a select few — alas! how few, if any, still — who remember Dr. Rayne, the friend and nearly contemporary, we think, of Porson, now known only by a few choice anecdotes with a fine old scholarly aroma about them, to the successive generations of younger Carthusians. These tales are only to be heard, if yet they be so, around that commemorative board. It is not for us to divulge the *arcana* of the festive evening, nor make the property of the many, traditions which are in the privileged custody of the few. These legends, for all their unquestionable veracity, are to be heard and told over a full glass, on one evening of the year, under the full-length portrait of Thomas Sutton, to an audience mellowed by good cheer, good fellowship, and old friendship. Then you may see the "oldest Carthusian," called upon to stand up and put on the little boy again, and tell of his experiences among the gown-boys of other days. That is the moment to elicit a joke from a bishop, or a sportive sally, half aside to the youngsters in the gallery, from a Cabinet Minister. Ah! those "other days," how rich they were in their seeming poverty! The little half-kempt, slip-shod, buttonless creature, who sixty years since was fag to a heavy fellow in the sixth, famed only for how he ate pudding and how he snored, bequeaths a mine of recollections, fresh with the dew of boyhood, to some hard-poring lawyer, or some hard-worried parish priest. The toast of the evening is given; and the watchman, waiting to marshal the carriages, hears, floating out into the night, the chorus, the imperfect rhyme of whose words is partly veiled in the noble chords of its setting—

Surget a chorus saous,
Floreat aeternum Carthusiana Domus!

But the spell is broken at last which held together so much wit, scholarship, eloquence, and learning. *Exeunt omnes*, or at least there remain only drowsy waiters amid a panorama of draggled napkins, vapid heel-taps, dying candles, and vacant chairs.

When the chorus is ample, the flaw in its familiar rhyme, at least to Carthusian ears, is lost. But this leads us to a question which it is rather for the Governors of Charterhouse to consider, than for the general public, at least in its present stage — how long is there a prospect of the *floreat aeternum* being verified? How long will it be ere the voices that swell the chorus thin off to a feeble number, unable duly to sustain the strain? We fear this fine old foundation is maintaining an adverse though gallant struggle against the odds of prejudice and fashion, which will overpower it in the end, unless its site be shifted. Thomas Sutton's foundation of hospital and school in one would bear planting out. "Gownboys," i.e. the foundation, presents advantages which will always tempt some to send their sons to spend school-life in the heart of the biggest and dirtiest capital out of China. But the rest of the school must sink away into a seminary for day-boys merely — that is, must degenerate to a thing of lower organization, with an enfeebled *esprit de corps*, and less power in developing the nobleness of boyhood. Charterhouse would then cease to attract masters of the present calibre, and would soon fail to produce boys of the same stamp. A change of site would probably continue the school's present self unchanged in all its essential features. Continuing where it is, it may possibly not fall off in numbers; but, even if they are preserved, it will surely, however slowly, deteriorate in everything else. It is for the Governors of Charterhouse to consider whether all that is most essential shall suffer for the sake of preserving "a local habitation and a name." There is a certain amount of justness and fitness in keeping the Institution, while feasible, on the spot where the Founder placed it, and where his mortal remains repose. But when it is proposed to sacrifice a noble school as victims to his *Manes*, the state of the question is changed. Of course, enormous pasteboard difficulties exist, or could be found at short notice, to this or any other vital change; but any one who does not prefer red tape to an elastic band would drive a railway train through these difficulties in a few weeks; and Charterhouse, in a new spot, might be still its ancient self, and give a new emphasis to the *floreat aeternum* of the next Founder's Day.

REVIEWS.

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE.*

WHEN Mr. Dickens was in the full flood of his writing, there was no subject he liked better than Christmas. He made much of it in every way. He treated it as a time of good cheer and jollity; and, perhaps, nothing he has written about Christmas ever gave so much pleasure as the party at Mr. Wardle's, and Mr. Pickwick on the ice. The happy theory that at this season of the year every one has countless turkeys, tongues, geese, brawns, hams, and plum-puddings, and that it is a Christian duty to eat of these things to the last possible mouthful, was constantly put forward by Mr. Dickens with fervour and evident sincerity. He also went much further into the philosophy of Christmas, and invented a sort of tale which he judged appropriate to the time. And in doing this, he brought out two special modes in which Christmas may be regarded otherwise than as a season of eating. In the first place, it is a season when the wonderful and the wildly supernatural seems in place. We do not think it quite so great a stretch on our credulity as at other times of the year if at Christmas we are asked to read about ghosts and goblins, and good and bad fairies. Christmas is also a

time when we may reasonably be a little more sentimental than usual, and when, more especially, the sentimentalism of family life seems appropriate to the occasion. It is pleasant to imagine that crusty old bachelors are thawed at this frosty season, and incline to accept the addresses of young ladies, that husbands and wives make up their quarrels, and that hard old misers open their money-bags in honour of a festival of benevolence which only comes once a year. Both these lines of thought are dear to Mr. Dickens. He likes to let his fancy wander in that region of the supernatural which excites our wonder without awakening fear or horror, and he delights in every mode of making family life sentimental. His Christmas books were accordingly literary efforts which were stamped in a very conspicuous degree with these tastes of the author, and were full of originality and of a peculiar sort of power. We do not pretend to think Mr. Dickens when he is fanciful or sentimental at all equal to Mr. Dickens when he is making us laugh. But a man who respects himself cannot always be comic. He is sure to have different veins of feeling, and he must represent them in turn, if he has really any confidence in his own powers. The Christmas stories are not the specimens of Mr. Dickens's writings upon which his most substantial fame reposes, but they are pleasant and characteristic, and what was good in them could have come from no one else.

But, unfortunately, the days are gone by for Mr. Dickens to write Christmas stories. We cannot complain. A writer cannot always be sentimental or comic, or full of the marvellous. We must allow those who have charmed us and amused us for years to rest on their oars when they please. Even if Mr. Dickens gave us nothing at Christmas, we should have as much as we had any right to expect from him. But then Mr. Dickens does not exactly give us nothing, for he gives us a double number of *All the Year Round*. He does not feel inclined to write a new story for us to read at Christmas, but he arranges a substitute. It is a pleasant and easy arrangement for him probably, but it is by no means so pleasant for the public. It is announced that something new is to be published at Christmas in a periodical conducted by Mr. Dickens, and when we get it, we find that it is simply a collection of little stories written in the faintest of all possible imitations of his style. There is, indeed, an introductory part of the publication which is, we conceive, a sample of the genuine article. Of that we will speak presently; but exactly five-sixths of *Somebody's Luggage* is composed of a series of about as trashy, silly stories as were ever put out at Christmas, or at any other season. This is really very hard on us. Fourpence is not much to pay, and we quite own that the part written apparently by Mr. Dickens is fully worth fourpence; but still we pay our money, and secure what we think is sure to be an evening's amusement, because we trust Mr. Dickens. Our trust is very ill repaid by a heap of short, unmeaning stories — if they deserve to be called stories — of which the only possible merit even in the eyes of the writers is, we should suppose, that they are very humble copies of the sort of thing Mr. Dickens used to write. Even if they were any of them written by authors who can write, they are spoilt because it was considered a neat idea to have them so short as to have no plot or subject, and to make up for this by affectations such as Mr. Dickens is guilty of when he, like the good Homer and other authors, occasionally nods. The first story more especially, we should guess, from the style, to be from the pen of the author of *A Cruise upon Wheels*, who most certainly can write if he is left to himself, but who, if he really has written this puerile fragment, has thrown himself away from a wish to do the proper Christmas thing and copy the feebler style of the author of the *Chimes* and the *Crickets on the Hearth*. Some of the other tales are as weak and as deadly dull as little fragmentary tales can be; and we must say that we do not think it quite creditable to Mr. Dickens that such productions should be made to sell by hundreds of thousands, because he chooses to put his name and a little bit of his writing at the beginning of them, and call them a Christmas number.

Both sides of Mr. Dickens's old Christmas tales are represented in these stories. There is the supernatural and the domestic sentimental. The sort of shape which the supernaturalism of the *Chimes* and the *Crickets on the Hearth* assumes in these humble performances is as follows. In one story, a man who is crossing a field takes an umbrella from a lady, and the lady fades away. He takes the umbrella to his inn with him, and the umbrella "changes its position during the conversation at the bar." He goes to a friend's house, and puts the umbrella against the wall with his hat on the handle. At the end of the evening the hat is on the ground, and the umbrella in it. When he gets home he tries to hide it in a lumber-room, but the maid brings it out. He takes it to pawn, and when he gets to the pawn-shop finds it is no longer under his arm, but has gone home by itself. At last the umbrella is taken back by the lady's ghost. As a piece of babyish supernaturalism, without any point or interest whatever, this might seem likely to defy any competition. But it is beaten clean out of the field by another story. This is a tale of a shipwreck. A ship is coming home from Melbourne, and gets in the way of an iceberg, and it gradually turns out that the whole crew of the ship, and all the passengers, are on the iceberg too. But the iceberg is so curiously constructed that they get into different clefts and cannot find each other, although they all support themselves very comfortably. At last the iceberg drifts exactly into the middle of a harbour in the Falkland Islands. Every one walks off the iceberg on to the land, and then the iceberg melts away. It is, perhaps, wrong to dignify

* *Somebody's Luggage*. The Extra Christmas Number of *All the Year Round*. Conducted by Charles Dickens.

such a tale with the name of natural or supernatural. It is a mere naked impossibility. It is about as interesting as if a man said he was wrecked in the Atlantic, and got home by riding on a shark's back. There is neither goodness nor badness in the fiction. It is altogether absurd. If Mr. Dickens's young friends would but study a little more attentively the works of their master, they would find that the supernatural is only introduced by him in order to affect the fortunes and assist the struggles of characters in whom we have an independent interest. When we say that these tales are in imitation of Mr. Dickens, we must not be supposed to mean that Mr. Dickens ever wrote anything like "Isn't it funny, my umbrella walks across a room," or "Curiously enough, I was one of a ship's company who, unknown to each other, floated on an iceberg, which steered itself for hundreds of miles straight into a harbour."

The sentimental stories of family life come nearer to Mr. Dickens, because they afford an opportunity of imitating his language. In the French story placed first, a Mr. Langley goes to France, and the French think his name must be L'Anglais. So he is called "Mr. The Englishman." This joke is thought worth repeating, at every turn, in the manner in which we find, as we must own, jokes scarcely better repeated in those compositions in which Mr. Dickens has nodded most. But the story of stories—the crowning effort of imitation of all Mr. Dickens's weaknesses—is the concluding tale in which the adventures of a certain Mr. Blorage are chronicled. Of this gentleman we are told, on one occasion, "that he came out of his cold bath as lively and fresh, and full of spirits, as if he were the combined essence of two or three dozen Mr. Blorages." It must be a painful thing for Mr. Dickens to reflect that he is the person who has taught young people to write in this way, and to be sure it is funny. At a later period of the story the young lady, whom Mr. Blorage fancies, wants a nomination for her brother to be a Blue Coat boy, and hearing this is stated to have produced on Mr. Blorage the following effect:—"He continued to repeat the word Blue to himself, as if he were under an obligation never to forget it; he went up to his bedroom chuckling 'Blue'; he undressed, chuckling 'Blue'; he sat up in bed, after lying down, with a vehement 'Blue'; and his last recollection was a struggle to say 'Bluenomination.'" Can Mr. Dickens possibly think he gets his fourpence quite honestly?

Perhaps he may; for he has written, as we can scarcely doubt, the machinery part of the story himself, and it would be odd if we would not give as much for six pages of his writing as for a slab of pork pie at a railway station. The point of what he has written is to describe the life and character of a waiter at a coffee-house. This waiter, and his goings on, are built up by the combination of those endless small touches which Mr. Dickens derives from his singular power of observation, and his singular power of refining on what he observes. We have a waiter who brings before us, with a curious completeness, what we may suppose the waiter of an old-fashioned coffee-house to be like. There is a probability about his views of his duties and position, of the charges he is entitled to make, of the wrongs under which he suffers, and of the respect that is due to him from his underlings. At the same time, the waiter is, as we are aware, quite improbable. He at once represents and makes known to us a class of persons and their way of living, and is incredible as an individual. This is one of the attributes that have belonged to many of the best characters that Mr. Dickens has drawn, and it is a combination which an inferior artist could not think of attempting. Sam Weller is entertaining and original, and gives us an excellent idea of the better sort of London cad; but viewed as the servant of a particular individual, he is an impossibility. There is not much that is very attractive in this coffee-house waiter as a subject, and his style of joking is sometimes very forced; but still he is the result of much fanciful observation, and there are some pieces of real fun in the account of what he does and says. His lament on the subject of the omniscience that is expected from waiters, and of the confidence with which they are equally appealed to as authorities on sporting, farming, or politics, strikes us as especially humorous. For Mr. Dickens this waiter is not, perhaps, anything very great; but we heartily wish there was more of him, and of writing like that in which he is described. He is a small plum in this big fourpenny heap of stickjaw.

JOHN OF SALISBURY.*

IN our general review of German literature a few weeks since, we observed that there was something like a disparity between the importance of John of Salisbury and the vast amount of industry and research bestowed upon him by Dr. Schaarshmidt, of Bonn. The learned Teuton, availing himself of all the materials within his reach, constructs a biography that must be deemed very complete under the circumstances. He gives a description of John's works so ample that, for even the choicest minority of readers, it will fully answer the purpose of the works themselves, especially as it is largely annotated with excerpts from them. Lastly, he goes over the works again, and reduces their contents into a regularly digested summary of the views, religious, political, and philosophical, of the venerable Churchman. Those must be greedy, indeed, for curious information who want to know more about John of Salisbury than is communicated by Dr. Schaarshmidt.

* *Johannes Saresberiensis, nach Leben und Studien, Schriften und Philosophie.* Leipzig: 1862.

John of Salisbury, though a philosopher as well as a Churchman and a politician, was not one of the great luminaries of scholastic divinity. He had been gathered to his fathers for nearly half a century when Thomas Aquinas was born; he preceded the great diffusion of Aristotelian philosophy effected by the Arabic commentators; and in his immediate vicinity was Peter Abelard, to whom he was pupil. During the period of his mortal career, which began in the decennium extending from 1110 to 1120, and ended somewhere about 1180, England was anything but a seat of learning; and though he was a native of Salisbury, and rejoiced, it is conjectured, in the English name of Short, his cultivation was French, and his nomination as Bishop of Chartres was his crowning dignity. In politics, John was a strong Churchman, and most of his literary labours seem to have been undertaken for the purpose of encouraging Becket to uphold the clerical cause against what he conceived to be the encroachments of the temporal power. He was present at the murder of the Archbishop, and seems even to have been sprinkled with his blood—an honour secondary only to that of actual martyrdom. But, though extreme in his views, he seems to have been a thoroughly conscientious man, and Canon Robertson observes, in the biography of Becket, that "the best letters of that period are those of John of Salisbury; unlike most of those with whom he is associated in that correspondence, he is free from cant, and writes with apparent honesty; he is genial, learned, and sensible." In those days, there was not an intellectual anti-Church party, however heterodox might be the doctrines of some of the scholastic teachers; but to a man of learning, considered apart from his ecclesiastical profession, the cause of the Church appeared to be that of mind against brute force. John of Salisbury spoke of the philosophers with as much reverence as the Stoics of their wise man, conceiving that the Christian divine completed, by his creed, the systems of his Pagan predecessors. Sacred and profane learning were closely allied, and the authority of the Scriptures or of St. Augustine gained in weight if they were fortified with quotations from Cicero, or illustrated with one of the comic marks of Terence.

John's principal works are a prose treatise, entitled *Policraticus* (which seems to be a better reading than *Polyeraticus*), in which he lashes the vices of the time, and draws the picture of an ideal kingdom, where, of course, the Church holds the highest place—a poem of similar tendency, written in elegiac verse, and entitled *Eutheticus*—and a prose treatise, called *Metalogicus*, in which the study of logic is defended, and the *Organon* of Aristotle described. At the present day, these works are chiefly valuable from the indication they afford of the state of learning in the twelfth century. John of Salisbury enjoys the reputation of a greater familiarity with ancient literature than can be attributed to any of his contemporaries, and he was by no means disposed to keep his light under a bushel, but freely communicated the results of his reading. Now, if John read everything that was to be read in his day, and then gave a faithful account of his studies, it is obvious that a survey of his library will enable us to dispense with a great deal of investigation elsewhere. The mourner for lost literary treasures may even hope, when he scans the catalogue, to feast his eyes with a banquet of the Tantalus kind by noting the name of some precious book which the privileged John perused with delight, but which has not reached the intellectual epicure of the present day.

The inquiries of Dr. Schaarshmidt, however, frustrate the hopes of an indulgence in any such pleasing melancholy. The only book that John had, and that we have not, seems to have been a book by one Nicomachus Flavianus, *De Vestigis sive Dogmate Philosophorum*, which was in all probability a collection of anecdotes, sentences, characteristics, and memorabilia, well adapted to the purposes of illustrative quotation. True, the belief that another lost author, named Furvus, fell within the reach of John's cognisance, might be inferred from the following passage which occurs in the *Eutheticus*, and regret for the loss might be sharpened by the declaration that the works of Furvus were caviare to the multitude, and a *bonne bouche* for choice spirits:—

Sermo cothurnatus Furvi discessit ab usa,
Et raro legitur pre gravitate sui.
Sed tamen in pago Ligerino carus habetur,
Hic, ubi de florum germine nomen habet.
Hunc meus a Conches Willimus sepe legebat,
Hunc etiam noster Pontilianus amat.
Clauditur archivis Remorum, Belgica Prima:
Hunc dedit et Primas Aurelianus habet.

Perhaps, by the way, even those of our readers who think no little of their Latinity will not deem themselves insulted when we inform them that, in the above lines, John means to convey the information, that the works of Furvus were discovered in the Church Province, Belgica Prima—that they are kept in the library at Rheims, and are in the possession of the Primate of Orleans—that they are highly esteemed at the Convent of Fleury on the Loire, and that they afford the greatest delight to John's preceptors, William of Conches and Adam de Parro Ponte. But after all, who was this Furvus, by whom so many excellent men were recreatored? Dr. Schaarshmidt is inclined to believe that he is only Nicomachus Flavianus called by another name, thus assenting to a previous conjecture by Petersen, who published an edition of the *Eutheticus*, with a comment, in 1843. That Flavianus ever called himself Furvus is by no means necessary to this hypothesis; for John of Salisbury, like many worthy old ladies of the present time, had an unfortunate knack of calling people by wrong names. For example, Martial the epigrammatist, figures more than once in the *Policraticus* under the ignoble appellation of "Coquus."

Flavianus and Fulvus being thus fused into one, and the only book of which we grudge John the possession being the delectable work, *De Vestigio*, &c., let us now see what was the amount of erudition which he enjoyed in common with posterity. Of the Greek tongue neither John nor his master Abelard knew anything, beyond a few isolated words, which sometimes appear in the titles to books, as for instance, in the *Policraticus* and the *Entheticus*; and, consequently, the only Greek works read were those that had been translated into Latin. The *Timaeus* of Plato, studied through the medium of the imperfect translation by Chalcidius, and small portions of Aristotle—the knowledge of whom had not as yet been extended from Arabic sources—constituted the whole stock of John's Hellenic learning. Yet, with respect to the *Stagyrite*, he had made a great advance on his predecessors, inasmuch as Abelard, who was called the *Peripatetic, par excellence*, had merely read Boethius's translation of the *Categories*, and the short treatise *De Interpretatione*, which were associated with the *Isagoge* of Porphyry; whereas, John was acquainted with the three remaining parts of the *Organon*. It is not only the opinion of Dr. Scharschmidt that the entire *Organon* was first made known in Western Europe towards the middle of the twelfth century; but he deems it probable that John of Salisbury himself caused the previously unknown parts (*Analytica, Topica, De Elenchis*) to be translated for the first time into Latin.

The little Latin (that is to say of the Pagan ages) which was in John's possession, looks respectable enough by the side of the very much less Greek. He knew the *Satires*, *Epistles*, and *Ars Poetica* of Horace. Whether he was acquainted with the Odes of the same poet is doubted by Dr. Scharschmidt; and we give an additional reason for the doubt by citing the lines from Dante's *Inferno* (canto iv.), in which the poet mentions the four great versifiers of antiquity:—

Quegli è Omero, poeta sovrano :
L'altro è Orazio satiro, che viene,
Ovidio è il terzo, e l'ultimo è Lucano.

More than one hundred years elapsed between the death of John of Salisbury and the commencement of Dante's poem, and those years had been by no means marked by literary stagnation; yet Horace in the lines quoted is only designated as a satirist. Caesar and Tacitus were, it appears, merely known by name to John of Salisbury; and the mention of Livy (whom he cites on one occasion only) as the "Scriptor belli Punici," seems to indicate that his knowledge was confined to the third decade, which was frequently transcribed. With Sallust and Suetonius he was familiar; also with Valerius Maximus, Julius Frontinus, Flavius Vegetius, and Justin. The fact that he gives Justin the name of Trogus Pompeius has led to the belief that John was acquainted with the elder historian; but his quotations, closely corresponding with the text of Justin, militate against that hypothesis. Aulus Gellius (whom he calls Agellius) and Macrobius, furnish him with a plentiful store of quotations; and he was thoroughly acquainted with the works of Quintilian and Cicero, the Orations of the latter being excepted. Indeed, Cicero was not only his master of style, but had considerable influence on his intellectual cultivation; the pious scepticism which he inculcated, as opposed to daring speculation, savouring much of the New Academy. Seneca he warmly admired; he was acquainted with both the Plinies, especially the elder, with Apuleius and Petronius, and his reference to the banquet of Trimalchio shows that his copy of Petronius was singularly perfect for the time. Virgil of course he knew, and in accordance with a practice common in the middle ages, regarded the *Aeneid* from an allegorical point of view; and he was not unacquainted with Statius and Lucan, observing that the latter is rather an orator than a poet. Nearly the whole works of Ovid are apparently at his fingers' ends, and there is no doubt that a poem which prefaces his *Policraticus* was written in direct imitation of the first elegy of the *Tristia*. Of the *Eunuchus* of Terence he makes good use, availing himself of the characters of Thraso, Gnatho, and Thais, as types applicable to personages of his own day; and he employs in a similar manner the Latin comedy, *Querulus*, which he, of course, attributes to Plautus, of whose genuine works he apparently knew nothing. Juvenal and Persius are favourite authors; Martial (sometimes called "Coquus"), Publius Syrus, Dionysius, Cato, Claudian, and Sidonius Apollinaris (called "Sollius"), passed through his hands.

John of Salisbury preceded the great luminaries of scholastic philosophy, but the war between the Realists and the Nominalists was waged with considerable spirit in his time, and as a metaphysician he took a middle position between the two—the extreme views on each side being respectively represented by the opinions of Roscelin and William of Champeaux. According to Roscelin, Universals, that is to say, genera and species, are nothing more than words, real existence being only predicable of individuals. Thus, when we say "man," we only think of individual men, and use the generic word as an expedient for recalling them to memory. Diametrically opposite to Roscelin, whose principles were long afterwards brought to high perfection by William of Occam, and who may be considered a patriarch of the school of Locke, stood William of Champeaux, who, while he maintained the reality of Universals, contended that genus was in itself one, and that the individuals comprised under it differed from each other, not essentially but accidentally. The last doctrine may be regarded as an emanation of Platonism; indeed the Realists generally boasted the authority of Plato.

According to John of Salisbury, the human mind is so constituted that it can separate form from matter, and can conceive that

which is the common attribute of many individuals, as in itself singular. The understanding, by means of sensible impressions, arrives at the essence or form of things—in other words, ascends from the sensible world to the apprehension of Universals. The senses have only to do with single substances, and the form is no less substantial. Nevertheless, we are not to suppose that the Universals have an independent existence. The genus man, for instance, has actually no other existence than in the individual man, but it is an object of thought, and by thought alone is separated, or, as we should say, abstracted from the individuals. Universals have therefore an ideal being, which is not to be confounded with sensible existence, but which at the same time is not to be sought in a supposed spiritual world. So much from the human point of view. But, on the other hand, it is evident that the Deity created matter with form, and that form is conceivable without matter, but not matter without form. The Universals are thus the antitypes of individual things; and herein is the sublime quality of the human reason, that by dint of abstraction it arrives at the very ideas which, in the Divine mind, were the patterns of creation. By this theory, it will be seen, a sensualism like that of the eighteenth century, and a species of Platonism, are peripatetically combined.

Those of our readers who have been persuaded that the schoolmen were merely a set of furies who taught a stupid something that was afterwards exploded by Descartes and his successors, may learn from the above brief, and we trust intelligible, sketch of John of Salisbury's views, that the themes discussed by the monkish philosophers are by no means so obsolete as is commonly supposed. A well-digested description of school-divinity and philosophy, from Johannes Scotus Erigena to (say) William of Occam, somewhat fuller than is given by Ritter in his *Christliche Philosophie*, and copiously supplied with references to original works, would be a valuable addition to our more serious literature, and would show that very few points, philosophical or theological, have been discussed of late years that escaped the cognisance of the hastily despised schoolmen.

MISS BREMER'S GREECE.*

OF all the grievances which arise from the fashion of publishing books of travels, we have seen none to surpass this present grievance of a book about Greece, written by one half-learned lady and translated by another. The observations of a scholar have one sort of value. The observations of a shrewd man of business, utterly careless of the associations of the country, would have another sort of value. One would be sure to learn something from the way in which things struck a purely practical man who looked on Greece with the same eyes with which he would look on Australia. But what can be the pleasure or profit of such observations as those of Miss Bremer? We will do her the justice to say that her book about Greece is several degrees less wild than a book which she wrote some years ago about the United States. There is less of twaddle, less of sentimentality, less of affectation. Still the twaddle, sentimentality, and affectation of her present work are a great deal more than enough. Why should we be treated to all Miss Bremer's little private outpourings? Why should the world be admitted to hear her pious ejaculations, or her yearnings after such and such friends in Sweden, expressed by initials? Why, above all things, should she take such pains to tell us, over and over again, that she is fifty-eight years of age? There have been some persons in the world so great that we are glad to collect any possible scrap which illustrates their character or their history. But to have simply written two or three popular novels does not confer this kind of interest. We do not care enough about Miss Bremer to be anxious to listen to all her personal utterances, simply because they are hers. And most certainly the recital of all her private emotions, great and small, can have no possible intrinsic interest for the rest of the world. If there is anything which people ought to keep wholly to themselves, it is surely their private prayers and thanksgivings. Miss Bremer may find it edifying to record her own pious meditations, but she need not thrust them into a book about Greece and the Greeks. If she is so unlucky as to have picked up a habit of praying in the grand style, she might at least abstain from sounding a trumpet before her, to call the whole synagogue to listen. Surely a translator, with any feelings of friendliness, would have drawn her pen through such a passage as the following:—

And Thee I thank, my Heavenly Father, upon this my fifty-eighth birthday, when I feel soul and mind younger and more hopeful than in my youthful years. I thank Thee that I have been enabled to behold this beauty, to drink of this nectar and ambrosia of life, and still more, that I can drink them without becoming intoxicated by them. For I know something still higher, O Hellas, than thy sacred temples—something nobler than thy wine!

We suppose that Miss Bremer has reached that stage when she cannot help writing, and when she can write nothing on any subject but sentimental and devotional rubbish. But really she might choose some other subject than Greece, old or new, as the hapless vehicle of the rubbish. Miss Bremer went into Greece in a state of utter ignorance about everything to do with the country in any age. We in no way blame her for her ignorance; what we do blame her for is the needless display of her ignorance. This is a distinction which cannot be too often drawn. A just criticism on a blundering book often offends many kind-

* *Greece and the Greeks; the Narrative of a Winter Residence and Summer Travel in Greece and its Islands.* By Fredrika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1862.

hearted people, because they say it is hard on a writer who, perhaps, had no means of knowing better. This may very probably be true, and, if true, it supplies a perfect excuse for the ignorance, but it supplies no excuse for the display of ignorance. No one is to be blamed for not knowing a thing, if he neither professes to know it, nor is in any way bound to know it. If you take the first man you meet, and ask him some scientific or historical question, it is no sort of disgrace to him if he cannot answer it. But if he talks or writes about science or history, and talks in such a way as to show that he knows nothing about it, then we blame him for not knowing. For, by the act of talking or writing, he sets himself up for a teacher, and a teacher is bound to know what he professes to teach. When the historian Postumius hoped that his bad Greek would be excused, Cato the Censor refused to allow the excuse. If the Amphictyonic Synod had compelled him to write Greek, then the excuse would have been valid, but as he wrote Greek purely of his own free will, he had no business to do so till he could write good Greek. So it is with Miss Bremer. Greek history and Greek literature form no part of ordinary female education, or, rather, ordinary female education includes a miserable smattering of Greek history, which is worse than no knowledge at all. We should, therefore, never think of blaming an ordinary well-educated lady for being totally ignorant of the subject. Even though she had written several successful novels, we should not think of questioning her about the campaigns of Philopœmen. We should not think any the worse of her if it accidentally came out that she did not know who Philopœmen was. But when such a lady undertakes to enlighten the world about the history of Arcadia, and total ignorance of Philopœmen becomes decidedly blameworthy. The special form of Miss Bremer's ignorance is something eminently ludicrous. She seems to have gone into Greece as one might go into Madagascar, knowing just as much about the history and mythology of the country. But she made desperate attempts to get them up while she was there. She fell into the error, not very unnatural at the age to which Miss Bremer confesses, of thinking that what was new to her was equally new to everybody else. If one wrote a book of travels in Madagascar, one would do quite right to put in all that one could learn about the history, traditions, and religion of Madagascar. In such a case, what was new to the author would be equally new to his readers. But it is quite another thing to go through Greece, to stop at Thebes, or Sparta, or Argos, and to stick in all the author's lately-acquired knowledge about Thebes, or Sparta, or Argos. Miss Bremer, at every Greek place she stops at, tells us all about it, just as if all the world had never heard of it before. She evidently does it in the innocence of her heart, with all the conscious delight of recent discovery. The worthlessness of such matter may easily be conceived. That Miss Bremer cannot distinguish between truth and falsehood, between history and mythology, is no more than one would expect. The book is full of illiterate blunders, full of confusions of times, places, and persons. The strange and unscholar-like names and descriptions must be divided between the author and the translator. It is clear that, in some cases, it is Mrs. Howitt who is the culprit. We do not pretend to say whose fault it is that the god Dionysus, throughout the book, turned into the tyrant Dionysius. But when Olympian George, one of the heroes of the War of Independence, appears as "Georg Olympien," we at once see that Miss Bremer described him rightly enough in Swedish, but that Mrs. Howitt preserved the form "Georg" under the notion that it was Greek. Miss Bremer honestly tells us that she does not understand Greek in any form, old or new; but to turn a Greek Γεώργιος into "Georg," when writing English, seems to imply ignorance of more languages than one.

It points a state of mind into which it is not very easy to enter, when Miss Bremer writing down, when she gets to Corinth, all the Herodotean tales about Cypelus, and Periander, and Cleisthenes, and Hippocleides, in just the same way that one might set down a legend which one heard for the first time in some out-of-the-way part of Spain or Sweden. We cannot, however, give Miss Bremer credit for entering into the fun of the story in the way in which we would have expected any one to enter into it who heard it for the first time. How can anybody be pleased or profited by having the story of Hippocleides told in this fashion?—

The day, the great day, of the final election was at hand. Whole flocks and herds had been driven into the city for the great hecatomb of the festival. All the Sicyonites were invited to the banquet, and were encamped around the Royal Palace. There had never been so grand a day before in Sicyon. Hippocleides, certain of his success, gave vent to his lively temper in every kind of art and fancy, not altogether befitting either a king's son or a king's son-in-law elect. Finally he exhibited his extraordinary ability in some unseemly dance, which so provoked Kleisthenes, that he exclaimed:—

"Hippocleides! thou hast danced away thy good luck!"

And he gave the hand of his daughter to the grave Megacles.

Hippocleides, however, not allowing himself to appear annoyed at what had happened, quickly collected himself, and said:—

"What does Hippocleides care about that?" An expression which has ever since become proverb amongst the Ionian race, to express their bold spirit and lively temper.

The following bit is positively wicked. Miss Bremer comes, near Eleusis, to the remains of the temple of what she is pleased to call "Venus Phile":—

Archæologists consider this Venus Phile to have been the wife of Demetrius Phalerus, celebrated for beauty, but not for modesty, and thus that the temple raised to her dates from a period in which the Greek divine knowledge and art had lost all its higher inspiration; viz. under the Macedonian rule, three hundred years before Christ.

One of these inscriptions shows that a lover here sacrifices two doves to

Venus Phile; another that a certain man, whose name was once given, though now illegible, devoted his "good thoughts" to his beloved. These small, empty niches glanced towards me sorrowfully, looking, to me, like empty eye-sockets in the skeleton of a departed time. The loving souls who here conceived and sacrificed "good thoughts," are in the hand of God's love. For love—the true—is stronger than death.

Now, it is too bad for anybody to talk about "eye-sockets in the skeleton of a departed time;" but it is worse still for a lady to go out of her way to take away the character of a good woman in a bad age. "Venus Phile" must mean Phile, worshipped as Phile Aphrodite, the daughter of Antipater, and wife of Demetrius Poliorcetes. Miss Bremer spells "Phalereus" "Phalerus;" confounds Demetrius Phalerus and Demetrius Poliorcetes; and lastly, we cannot guess why, raises an unfounded scandal against Phile herself. Truly, a Swedish lady who writes novels is not bound to know the ins and outs of all the Macedonian courts; only, not knowing, she had better not write about them.

Sometimes, again, the translator comes in to make matters a little worse than the author had left them. Thus, for instance, Miss Bremer, declaiming about Pericles, goes off thus:—

How noble is he in his self-government, whether he admires the elderly and at the same time beloved Sophocles, when he says to him, "Not only the hands of a statesman, but his eyes also, ought to be guided by moderation." This, we need not say, is, in the English, sheer nonsense. It is evident that Miss Bremer used some word meaning "enamoured," and that Mrs. Howitt has blundered it into "beloved." But we quite acquit either lady of understanding the real nature of the story.

Miss Bremer is a devoted admirer and champion of Aspasia. She was "a high-minded and noble woman, with a freer and higher conception of woman's rights and the object of life than the ordinary class of men and women." Under her care—

Pericles became happy in his home, his social circle became one of the most spiritually rich and ennobling, his inner life blossomed in the most beautiful manner; all which could not fail of being displayed in his political life. The Aspasia doctrines, however, did not seem to go down with those whom Miss Bremer found as the powers that be at Athens. The ex-Queen Amalia has been commonly supposed to be somewhat of a strong-minded woman, but when Miss Bremer formally set before her the theory of woman's rights, she was not prepared so openly to rebel against her lord and master. Nevertheless Miss Bremer seems to have been quite delighted both with Otho and his Queen; only she does venture to hint that they were spending money a little too fast, and that there was rather too much of court gaiety for a struggling country like Greece. We wonder what she thinks by this time of the Revolution.

Perhaps Miss Bremer's worst twaddle is when she gets into Arcadia. Her Attica is bad enough; the sight of the temple of "Jupiter Olympus" [sic] sets her off to talk about "Olympic games" [at Athens] and "Olympian weather." But in Arcadia all is to be pastoral, "idyllic," in a word, "Arcadian." To a student of Greek history the popular secondary meaning of "Arcadian" is perhaps a little perplexing. Miss Bremer confesses that the storm of Tripolitza was not altogether "idyllic," nor is it easy to see anything specially "idyllic" or "Arcadian" in the long line of statesmen produced by the Hellenic Mother of Presidents. But we can hardly expect a lady to have mastered Polybius who makes such work as Miss Bremer does both of Homer and of Solomon. According to her, the famous saying of Hector was—

One precaution is good, to defend the Fatherland.

We are, however, glad to be able to end with a point of full agreement, even though we doubt the accuracy of Miss Bremer's quotation, when she says:—

I think, however, in a general way, with the wise Solomon, that "much preaching makes the body weary."

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.*

THERE are certain causes which, though constantly in defeat, are constantly in rebellious uprising. There is a fascination in certain opinions which snatches at evidence, which resists demonstration, which looks on a drawn battle as a decisive victory, and triumphs at every pause of the enemy—the fascination of mystery. Ghosts and apparitions survive all the attacks of methodical science. Spirit-rappings are proved over and over again to be impostures, without in any degree diminishing their noisy obtrusiveness. Ignominiously driven from one camp, the rebels are seen appearing in another spot, as loud and confident as ever. They are never defeated—they only retire, for "strategic reasons."

We are very far from wishing to place Spontaneous Generation on a level with Ghosts or Rapping Spirits—still farther from wishing to liken its advocates to the believers in ghosts and Mr. Hume. It is a scientific question, and is, at any rate in our day, handled by scientific men, in a serious spirit. But there is in it the fascination of a rebellious heterodoxy, the desire to fly in the face of the schools, and to get a step nearer to the mystery of creation, which makes men snatch at evidence, and resist the accumulation of inductive proof, very much in the style, *toute proportion gardée*, of other insurgent causes. Nor do we regret the fact we thus indicate. A great advantage results from these insurrections. They keep the intelligence alert, they save us from sleepy orthodoxy and indolent acquiescence, and they enlarge the boundaries of knowledge.

* *Legons de Chimie et de Physique Professées en 1861.* Par MM. Jamin, Debray, Cloëz, Béquerel et Pasteur. Paris: 1862.

In the credulous days of early science, men easily believed that worms originated in putrefying matter, that eels were developed out of mud, and that sticks and leaves falling into the water became transformed there into animals. They believed anything in those days, on two conditions—first, that it should be unhesitatingly asserted; and, secondly, that it should not directly contradict existing opinions, or superficial observations. No one doubted—doubting is an art which comes late in the history of man. Nor was there any obvious ground for doubt that eels sprang from the mud, or that worms sprang from putrefaction. The observed facts were of eels suddenly appearing in empty ponds where no eels were seen before, and “worms” suddenly appearing wherever meat was putrefying. The successive phenomena of generation were too little understood to suggest a doubt.

Spontaneous generation was the quiet orthodox belief until Redi, the Florentine poet and naturalist, opposed and vanquished it by his enlightened scepticism. The reader, who only knows Redi, the poet, by the *Baccho in Toscana*, will do well to make the acquaintance of the naturalist, by his *Opuscoli di storia Naturale* (recently reprinted at Florence). He will there read how Redi watched the development of the “worms” in decomposing meat, and, finding that they became familiar flies, sagaciously concluded that the parent flies had deposited their eggs in the meat, which explained the apparent spontaneous generation. To prove that the meat only served as a *nidus*, Redi covered a piece with fine gauze. Immediately flies were seen hovering over it in great agitation. The odour of the meat attracted them; but, alas! they could not fulfil their instincts—they could not deposit the eggs in this admirable nest. Failing in their attempts, they made a compromise, and deposited their eggs upon the gauze. It is needless to say that the gauze was insufficient as a *nidus*, and that the meat presented no “worms.” This was for a time decisive. From that day to this, only an occasional speculator, in daring disregard of evidence, has ventured to maintain the spontaneous generation of flies—much less of eels. But in 1745, Needham, a Catholic priest and an excellent observer, reopened the question on new ground—the obscure and ill-understood field of infusorial life. Since then it has also been carried into the still more obscure field of entozoa; for it is the unfortunate characteristic of this cause to be always most discredited where our knowledge happens to be most precise—as the horizon widens and the darkness rolls away, this doctrine retires deeper into the shadows. Needham produced a great sensation, but he was finally silenced by Spallanzani; and the orthodox party grew more assured of the justice of its motto, *omne vivum ex ovo*—or, as we find it necessary now to word it, *omne vivum ex vivo*.

The doctrine had become so thoroughly discredited that the schools were in profound quiet. In 1859 this quiet was disturbed by M. Pouchet, who presented himself before the august body of Academicians as the ardent advocate of the proscribed cause. He was too eminent a man to be poohpoohed; and his statements of experimental results were too startling to be ignored. He was equipped with all the material of war, and flung down a gauntlet which could not be left lying there. Champions in abundance presented themselves; and to this day the fight continues. In France, England, and America, investigators are busy with infusions, purifying the air, inventing obstacles to the possible access of germs from without, and proving to their entire satisfaction that spontaneous generation is a first truth—and an antiquated absurdity. It is some satisfaction to reflect that all this labour and discussion have not been without collateral advantages. The least of the lessons thus learned has been the necessity of caution in experiment. As to positive results, they are, as just intimated, at present far from harmonious. The eminent chemist, M. Pasteur, whose researches have thrown the most discredit on the statements of M. Pouchet, finds contradicitor in Dr. Wyman, of Harvard College (*American Journal of Science*, July 1862), who repeats M. Pasteur's experiments with opposite results.

Our readers will not call upon us to decide a question still *sub judice*. But we shall not withhold our opinion that the balance of evidence markedly leans to the orthodox side; and, with regard to the somewhat staggering experiments of Dr. Wyman, we leave them to be tested and criticized by M. Pasteur, or others—at once, however, denying his position that “all ova and spores, in as far as we know anything about them, are destroyed by prolonged boiling.” It has been ascertained, by Mr. Lewes, that the spores of *Aspergillus* are not destroyed—are not even appreciably affected by boiling; and we really know so very little of the ova of infusoria that it is perilous to generalize about them.

In the *Leçons de Chimie et de Physique* now before us, M. Pasteur gives, as his contribution, a rapid survey of the controversy, and of his own researches. The first point satisfactorily established by him is the existence of a variable quantity of organic corpuscles, indistinguishable from the germs of inferior organisms, floating in the dust of the atmosphere. As this point is of incalculable importance, we will briefly indicate its proof. He places some gun-cotton in a glass tube, and through the tube passes a given amount of atmospheric air. The air, of course, carries a variable quantity of dust, as every one sees when a sunbeam slants athwart a room. This dust, or a large proportion of it, is arrested by the cotton fibres, which act as a strainer of the air. The cotton is then dissolved in ether. After a lapse of some hours all the dust will have fallen to the bottom of the tube. It is then washed and transported into a watch-glass, where the liquid is suffered to evaporate, and the dust is submitted to chemical reagents capable of discriminating its various constituents. These

are found to be particles of inorganic matter, starch, vegetable fibres, and spherical and ovoid globules, transparent and filled with granules containing nuclei—in a word, presenting the unequivocal aspect of ova or spores. Without pretending to say of what these are the ova or spores, “on peut affirmer la ressemblance parfaite avec des germes d'organismes inférieurs, voilà tout.”

To this M. Pouchet and his adherents object that the quantities are too small to account for the universal and abundant presence of infusorial life in infusions of decaying substances. M. Pasteur replies that the quantities are indeed variable, but quite sufficient to account for the phenomena. After a storm, the transparency of the air is due, in a great measure, he thinks, to the rain having beaten down the floating dust; and perhaps the density of fogs is to a great extent dependent on the amount of suspended dust. But in the ordinary condition of the atmosphere, in the street where he lives, he has collected several thousands of these organic corpuscles in the course of twenty-four hours; and the rapidity with which infusoria multiply is well known.

Having proved that the air is a vehicle of ova and spores, or let us simply say of organic corpuscles, the next step is to prove that these corpuscles will develop into infusoria if introduced into a flask which contains a decoction of organic substances and air carefully freed from germs. Without these corpuscles such a decoction would never, it is affirmed, show signs of life; with these corpuscles the infusoria are certain to appear. The experiment of control has great force. Instead of placing these corpuscles *unaltered* in the decoction, he first alters them by intense heat, such as may be presumed to destroy their vitality, and then no organisms appear.

Another curious result of M. Pasteur's experiments is, that not only are the quantities of corpuscles very variable in different places and different states of the atmosphere, but that, the greater the height above the surface of the earth from which the air is obtained, the rarer are these corpuscles; so that on the *Mer de Glace*, out of twenty flasks opened at that height, only one revealed the entrance of corpuscles, and these probably were carried by the clothes of the experimenter. Now that scientific balloon ascents are frequent, it would be eminently desirable to try the effect of atmospheric air admitted into a decoction at the height of some miles above the earth. Even here there would be various sources of error, against which it would be necessary to guard. Nevertheless, if a sufficient number of experiments were made to eliminate the accidents, a tolerably constant negative would be a strong confirmation of the hypothesis that, unless the air brings germs into an infusion, no life will appear.

Reviewing the whole controversy, we may call attention to two cardinal facts. First, in proportion as our knowledge becomes more extensive and more exact, there is a corresponding limitation of the possible field for spontaneous generation; and the strong presumption is that this retreat of the doctrine into narrower and narrower limits will be pursued until it is finally excluded from science. Secondly, even with regard to the obscure questions of infusorial life, it is certain that the air constantly carries germs in its floating dust, and that this is at least one known source of the phenomena invoked by the advocates of Spontaneous Generation. Now, although the establishment of this one source does not positively exclude the possibility of there being other sources—although the generation of some infusoria from germs does not exclude the possibility of spontaneous generation in other cases—it leads to a very strong presumption that the ordinary laws of generation, observed with such amazing uniformity throughout the whole region of the known phenomena, will obtain also in these unknown phenomena.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.*

THE Waverley novels are at length fairly committed to the chances of competition with the latest and cheapest literature of the day, in a form which must put the question of their permanent popularity to the last and most crucial test. The copyrights of the earlier portions of the series have already expired, and year by year will gradually break down that hedge of immunity which kept these volumes exempt from the rivalry of trade, and lent them a kind of aristocratic prestige in the community of fiction. The enterprising firm which has invested largely in the purchase of the surviving privileges of the extinct house of Cadell has resolved, we are glad to see, upon a policy which is likely to retain to it, in a manner not only the most legitimate, but in the long run the most likely to prove remunerative, that monopoly the legal sands of which are rapidly running out. Competition is practically distanced when, one by one, each story of the series is in succession presented to the public in the handy and popular form of a shilling novel—in paper, typography, and general style of getting up, assimilated to the myriad *ephemera*, which flaunt their gaudy backs at every railway bookstall. The present impression is, in fact, a cheaper re-issue of the stereotype edition put forth eight years ago, at eighteen-pence a volume. With every wish for the material success of so liberal an enterprise, we must watch its results with an interest of a wider and more general kind, bound up as it is with a problem of real and intrinsic moment in the history of literature. That problem, which the popular voice alone must ultimately resolve, relates to the rank which the author of *Waverley* is entitled to hold, and the influence which he is destined to exercise in permanence among the classic writers of our language. Is Walter Scott a great writer? In what proportion do his works retain, or may

* *Waverley*. Shilling Series. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1862.

they be expected to retain, that magical ascendancy which, at their first publication, followed each successive wave of the living enchanter's wand? In attractive and enlightening force, is their grade to be finally with those supreme and primary luminaries which sway and irradiate the intellectual firmament, or those transient meteors which do but dazzle us as they flash for a second or two across the sky? Three or four observations of a comet's path enable us to approximate closely enough to the law of its orbit. And after thirty years' experience we surely are in a position to work out a sufficiently practical equation to the future path of the most brilliant modern star in the zodiac of literature.

The popularity of Scott has, from the first, been somewhat of a select sort, rather than a popularity of the populace. He never wrote for the multitude, and was not of the number of those who subsist by the sympathies of the masses. Aristocratic in his tastes and feudal in his notions of society, his sphere of thought was one to which a certain style of pomp and sumptuousness was indispensable. To enjoy and love him thoroughly, one must be raised either by birth or by force of cultivation above the vulgar and the common-place. Below the isothermal lines of heraldic insignia and gentle culture his greatness will hardly vegetate. Yet it has been the fashion to remark, on the other hand, how much better Scott describes beggars, gypsies, smugglers, clowns, and the hangers-on of kings and queens, even kings and queens themselves, the very highest and the very meanest of mankind, than the half-way class to which he himself belonged. How superior, we are told, is Effie Deans to Lady Staunton, or even Jeannie Deans to Rose Bradwardine! How much more do Mary of Scotland and Elizabeth of England resemble real queens than Julia Mannerling or Die Vernon represent real young ladies! Now we believe the reverse of this complaint to be at least as near the truth. The reader's affinity with his author has been the source of the fallacy. It is not that these ladies and gentlemen are less natural in themselves than those princes, beggars, or rustics. But the reader, it must be remembered, is, in the former case, among his own set, whom he is from familiar observation competent to criticize. He is judging a work of art as an expert, not merely as a critic. No jockey or trainer would be satisfied with the horses even of Phidias. To an old salt, the seamanship of the *Pirate* would perchance smack of the landsman; and a live "gaberlunzie" would stare at his double in the garb and with the diction of Edie Ochiltree. When the romancer of the artificially-bred middle class draws for his patrons a serf or a crusader, a cow-feeder or a queen, he is tolerably safe from jealous judgment, and may dash in his colours with a free hand. His characters are got up for company, and must be clothed, not in the most appropriate, but the most picturesque habiliments. Such art is indeed that of the stage, not that of nature; but Scott could not help being dramatic even in his most naturalistic efforts. He could fascinate his own order by his skill in presenting to it his views of the world beneath itself, through its own conventional medium. Between himself and the lower masses he was fixing at the same time an artificial gulf. He would patronize them as artistic models, not take them to his bosom as of the same living and breathing kin.

If we turn from the quality of Scott's genius to its quantity, and try to gauge or measure his mental stature, we are somewhat at a loss for a standard of comparison. There is a supreme and august rank in the empire of intellect, from which Scott's greatness will for ever fall short. He had no particular message to deliver to the world—no special idea or notion of truth to impart to it—no new scheme or system of thought to elaborate. Neither was his the living, spreading, consuming fire of Shakespeare, Dante, or Goethe. There was not merely the same unconsciousness of any special mission, that unconsciousness which seems the first attribute of genius, with which the Stratford playwright laboured, just to fill the Globe theatre. Each was doubtless equally spontaneous, equally unencumbered by any ulterior aim. But they differed immeasurably in depth. It is in the undesigned, unfelt emanations of the mind that the highest genius distances all lower grades. In the sparks of light which it throws off without an effort, without the sense of doing anything vast or notable, there is a radiance and a heat which the world recognises, and rejoices in the glow. Scarce a page of Shakespeare can be turned at random which does not kindle or enlighten us with its latent aphoristic force. No writer, it has been felt on the contrary, has written so many volumes as Sir Walter Scott with so few sentences that can bear to be quoted. His power, as Mr. Carlyle well defined it, lay *in extenso*, not *in intensio*. His situations are effective—his delineations of action are graphic, and stir us as they would stir an actual spectator. They form, in truth, a series of masterly *tableaux*, and, with the force of a stereoscope, set before us artistic groups in all the simulated relief of reality. Their still life is admirable. There is somewhat, of course, beyond the power of the mere photographer—there is much lively motion and many a brilliant shift of scene. But the soul is somehow equally wanting. His men and women seem more or less lay figures, costumed and posed for effect. They say nothing that we particularly care to hear. Scott had no gospel to deliver, and, sooth to say, never professed to have any.

In this respect, at all events, he rises ineffably above those charlatans who are for ever prating of their mission to amend, rebuke, and elevate society, and who never treat us to their sugary confectons without pounding up in them some one or other of their pet nostrums for the moral diseases of mankind. Scott would be neither the physician nor the pedagogue of society. He came not to call the sickly, but the hale and joyous, and bade them enjoy life as he enjoyed it.

Rejoicing in the power to amuse, and finding abundant amusement to himself in the process of so doing, he gave little heed to what lessons he might read to posterity, or with what cut-and-dried theories he ought to prime his soul. To amass good stories, to work up rare and romantic material into fresh and picturesque combinations, was with him too genuine an impulse to need the justifying plea of any moralistic cant. If he never rose to be a prophet, he could never sink into a Pharisee. Health and buoyancy of mind seemed in him the natural reflex of his robust and hardy corporeal frame. In the heartiness and *verve* which he threw into his pages, lay, even more than in his purity and kindly warmth, the secret of that hold which he obtained upon his age. Anything mean, sordid, or cynical, flew off from contact with his soul, as a perfectly healthy physique is said to throw off all bodily impurities. Adhesive in his social instincts, running over with humour and humanity, beaming with constitutional liveliness, his was just the presence to which the *blase* and hypochondriac run, to catch the restorative virus. The effect was electrical when he thus burst upon a languid and jaded generation, cloyed with artificial food, incapable of faith, while shuddering at scepticism. Faith Scott undoubtedly possessed—the faith of all massive hearty natures—faith in himself, faith in the order of things and the lessons of history. The advent of such a man was like an invigorating bath to an age grown maudlin over Byronism and Wernerism, or coddled over the nursery fire and possets of the *Minerva Press*. All other remedies for ennui were flung aside the moment the Great Unknown began his spells, to which the mystery of their authorship gave an extra piquancy and charm. Kotzebue and the thrilling school were annihilated. Ghosts were sent back to limbo. The chains clanked harmlessly in the Castle of Otranto, and Mrs. Radcliffe no more kept boys and girls tremblingly awake with horrors. The reader was carried back to rough, real, hardy times, when modern nerves were unknown, when life was active, blithesome, vigorous. For old and young, the jaded and the imaginative, there was an inexhaustible store of wonderment in those scenes of martial feats, jousts and tourneys, border feuds, royal progresses, gorgeous ritual. Who did not sigh to have had their lot cast in those free, bold, unsophisticated days; when gallant knights caroled on giant horses of whirlwind speed—ladies of peerless beauty ambled in quaint guise through the merry greenwood, or slipped their hawks over meadow and lea—when sleek churchmen rustled in medieval bravery—when romance was a reality, when adventure waited upon daring, and even the weird and the supernatural still bade defiance to nature's prosaic laws? Novel-reading had till then been a forbidden, though coveted pleasure. Scott made a nation of novel readers. He was the founder of the historical novel. By the modicum of fact which he dug up from the buried past, he was able to bribe the conscience which sneered at fiction as a waste of time, as well as the prudery which blushed at it as sinful. And never was literary invention so well rewarded. As, faster and faster, poured forth the magic sheets, the profits of the manufactory rose to 15,000*l.* a year. Novel-making has from that date been one of the most gainful of trades, and the circulating library must revere him as its demi-god.

The old saw which Fletcher of Saltoun drew from an unnamed "wise person," that he "cared not who made a nation's laws, so he might make its ballads," has lost its point. Our nation has long left off singing ballads, if, indeed, it was ever given to singing them. The novel has taken the place of the ballad. It were strange, accordingly, if the man who had the making of novels for an entire generation had not some effects of his handiwork to show. Sir Walter's influence upon the thought and taste of our age may be traced in two important directions. His talent, as we have implied, rested upon two powerful instincts—his love of antiquity and his love of nature. From the fountain-head of his genius welled forth both the stream of mediæval revival, and that which has lately taken to itself the technical title of "muscularity." The generation whose youth was nursed upon his tales and songs of chivalry grew up with eye and heart turned wistfully back towards the past. In art, politics, theology, and social life, Young England dreamed of an ideal three or four hundred years bygone. The nineteenth century must be taught to build, to think, to believe, to worship, in forms of mediæval sanctity. The Oxford movement was only possible among minds over which the glamour of those potent fictions had passed. The *Tracts for the Times* were, in some sense, the logical progeny of *Ivanhoe* and the *Monastery*; and the Palace of Westminster is but the architectural development of Abbotsford. Scott's theology, it is true, cost him little thought. It came to him, among the stock in trade of his more proper craft, simply as a legacy from the past. His religious instincts pointed more to objective order and ceremonial than to self-analysis or abstract grounds of belief. His ideas of art, even in his own province of antiquarianism, were of a very superficial order, and much of the collections and heirlooms which made Abbotsford the pride of his soul might now be voted by Wardour Street itself very sorry *bric-à-brac*. History itself was ransacked by him, not for its truth, but for its materials of amusement, and it would be waste of time to pull to pieces his hasty and fanciful creations under the strong light of modern historical criticism. It would be not less unfair, at the same time, to withhold from him the credit of a first impulse which had yet to receive its severer form and stricter organization at other hands. To have helped to drive out the cold and vapid classicalism in architecture, and the sickly sentimentality in fiction, which made the era of the regency England's darkest period, was a service to his age not

the less meritorious because Scott had never set himself coolly and scientifically to work it out.

Scarcely less striking or salutary in its effects upon the national character has been Scott's grasp of nature and keen zest of physical enjoyment. The breezy mountain and the brae, the hardy sports of the moor and the loch, the genial humour and racy dialect of Highland clansmen, were painted by him with a freshness and a force entirely his own. New types of life and character were thrown upon the canvas. To the Southern readers of his day the manners and speech of the Scottish peasantry were previously all but as strange and outlandish as those of Japan or Central Africa are to ourselves. A real union of interest and feeling began to spring up between the two countries. The very few simple of all Scotland has been raised by Scott's pen fully ten per cent. Every spot which the novelist described became forthwith classic to the civilized of all nations. It must strike every traveller from the South how much this infusion has percolated even to the lower strata of northern society. Scarce a cottar or drover but has at his fingers' ends the lore which links his home with the genius of the novelist. Provincialism may not, indeed, be favourable to world-wide homage. The taste for what is simply local or grotesque may at any moment pass away among other shifts of fashion. A reaction may, in like manner, ere long set in against the prevalent Gothic mania. But herein, as we have seen, lay but one element of Scott's mental ascendancy. There remains, as the basis of all the rest, his intense and instinctive love of nature.

Riding at these two anchors, the ark of Scott's reputation is in no danger of total or immediate shipwreck. Mediævalism and muscularity may not be very profound ideas, but few will deny to such ideas their salutary influence in spiritualizing and bracing the mind. All that Scott had to impart of solid gain has by these two channels passed into the age. He has no more to teach us. But he can still make us feel. He will be read for no didactic purpose, but for what is far more the proper end of fiction—the innocent and healthy play of the emotions. Men of mature years will miss, as they peruse once more the tales which fascinated their youth, the vivid and exquisite enjoyment of that first acquaintance. And the young will wonder at the rapt, almost the religious, belief with which their sires still speak of the Waverley novels as the type of all that is perfect in fiction. It is the sign of what the age has gained in mental depth and breadth. But enthusiasm will not be followed in this case by contempt. We have already had writers of deeper insight and higher aim, but none of warmer sympathy or more genuine human heart. And by virtue of these qualities Scott still remains the favourite novelist of his country.

LIFE OF FRANCIS XAVIER.*

THIS short and unpretending volume will possess for many readers more interest, and for most, we believe, more novelty, than a large proportion of those which are issuing from the press. The subject of the success or failure of Christian missions—of the fits and starts by which, from the time of the Apostles downwards, great results have at times been attained, and have again been followed by long periods of failure and disappointment—is one that is constantly brought before the minds of the students of secular as well as of religious history. The reports, indeed, of missionary societies, too often cooked, it may be feared, to meet the demands of impatient patrons and subscribers—the purblind enthusiasm of too many among the missionaries themselves, brooding in solitude, and amidst privations and perils, upon the sacredness of their work, till they expect earth and heaven to pay tribute to it—the inevitable missionary sermon at the parish church, and the almost as inevitable missionary speech from the platform of the neighbouring market-town—have tended to produce a very wide-spread distaste for the subject in the forms under which it is ordinarily presented to us. But the result is very different when, as in the case before us, the details of an historical epoch in the annals of the human mind are critically sifted, and the real actions and character of a great hero of missionary romance submitted to our scrutiny.

In his examination, indeed, of the *Missionary Life and Labours of Francis Xavier*, Mr. Venn has not wholly cast off the character of the sectarian and the polemic. He significantly withdraws from him the title of saint, generally conceded by courtesy at least, nor does he honour him with the designation so commonly accorded him, of the Apostle of the Indies. He is too severely logical to give way to these polite weaknesses. This is not, indeed, a subject for complaint, hardly for remark. But the sectarian *animus* is more noticeable in the eagerness with which he deduces from the narrative of Romish missions an argument against the value of Episcopacy as a missionary agency:—

Many prevailing sentiments (he says) of the present day, even in Protestant countries, respecting missions, find their counterpart in some of the most striking features in the history of Francis Xavier, such as a craving for the romance of missions; the notion that an autocratic power is wanted in a mission, such as a Missionary Bishop might exercise; a demand for a degree of self-denial in a missionary bordering upon asceticism. These, and many such sentiments, are often illustrated by a reference to the life and success of Xavier. The delusive character of such sentiments cannot fail to appear on a careful study of the truth of Xavier's history.

We certainly draw no such conclusion from the teaching of Mr. Venn's own book. He has shown, indeed, satisfactorily how preposterously the success of Xavier's labours has been exaggerated; but the organization and autocratic power under which he failed was not religious and episcopal, but purely secular, and his

proceedings, when stripped of the halo of mythical history thrown around them, have little of romance, and little even of asceticism. But though, in one instance, and perhaps one only, his ardour and self-devotion were not without some fruit, and still more encouragement for the future, it is pretty clear that they were finally frustrated by the want of that temperate direction and control which the episcopal system is generally well fitted to supply. We cannot here follow in detail the career of the illustrious Xavier. The intelligent reader will be best pleased, perhaps, to learn from Mr. Venn's inquiries, what are the authentic sources of his history; and, in the first place, his account of the circumstances by which he was led to search into them is itself instructive:—

Our information of Roman Catholic Missions is very meagre and unsatisfactory. The sources of information are either various collections of letters of missionaries, or dry compilations from those letters. But these sources of information cannot satisfy any one who desires a clear knowledge of this subject. He will seek for histories of missions written from the field of labour by the labourers themselves, or by those who have witnessed the work abroad; or the journals and collected letters of individual missionaries. Since missions were taken up in earnest by the Protestant Church, at the close of the eighteenth century, the press, in England and America, has teemed with such missionary histories and biographies. Numerous volumes have been written by missionaries themselves, or by their relatives and others. In such books we see the living man, and his real work. As soon, therefore, as my attention was turned to the subject of Romish missions, I sought out for some such authentic biographies, memoirs, or histories of Romish missionaries. Wherever I inquired, the *Life of Xavier* was presented to me, and no second work of that class could be named. I searched public libraries and booksellers' shops without success. I made inquiries personally at the head-quarters of Romish missionaries in France—namely, at the Institute of the Faith, at Lyons, but was assured that the *Life of Xavier* was the only biography of any authority. The same answer was returned to a friend who made the inquiry at the College of the "Propaganda," at Rome; and my friend was further informed, that it was contrary to the principles of the Romish Church to permit the unauthorized publication of the personal history of the missionaries.

Mr. Venn was hence led to study the life of Xavier, as the only source from which he could obtain what might be regarded as authentic information respecting the character and conduct of Romish missions. But where should he get any certain knowledge of this life? The short sketch of Xavier's career by Acosta, which appeared about twenty years after his death, was compiled by a Jesuit from the letters and acts of the brethren of the order in the East. A more regular biography was written a quarter of a century later, by Tursellinus, also a Jesuit; and another, somewhat more ample, by Father Bohours, sixty years afterwards—the same which was translated into English by James Dryden, the brother of the poet. But these compilations, when compared with the existing letters of Xavier himself, betray at once, by their extravagances and contradictions, how little of genuine history they contain. The Jesuit Fathers, while allowing such unscrupulous use or abuse to be made of the genuine documents in their possession, have, it seems, carefully preserved the documents themselves, and suffered them, whether from inadvertence or in reckless defiance, to be printed in successive selections, till the whole series of his actual communications to his friends or his superiors at home, to the number of 146, was put forth in a Latin translation in 1795, and has more recently been re-translated into French. It still remained to compile from these unquestionable sources a genuine account of Xavier's missions, and to confront it with the imperfect or fallacious biographies, and the mass of hagiographical legend which has been allowed to gather round them. As might be expected, the splendid halo which, by the common accounts, even as given by half-credulous Protestants, surrounds the subject of these memoirs, vanishes in the light of simple truth, as recorded by himself; while the audacious attempts to foist a multitude of miracles into it is completely baffled, not only by the silence of their pretended workers, but often by his specific statements to the contrary.

The missionary career of Xavier extended over just ten years and a half. A friend of Loyola, and one of the earliest associates of the band of Jesuits in the first blush of their favour with the Popedom, he was sent in the first instance to Goa by the King of Portugal in 1542, with the character of Papal Nuncio, to superintend the conversion of the natives already subject to the Portuguese, or in close dealings with them, on the western coast of India. He was in no sense the founder of Christianity in the East. Goa was already provided with a bishop, a cathedral, and a regular establishment of priests. The Catholic religion was law, protected, supported, and enforced. Baptism of natives, if not actually compulsory, was urged and quickened by all the arts of an unscrupulous Government. Throughout his labours in these regions, Xavier was confessedly the agent of a secular Government, acting under its directions, and relying upon its aid in the work set before him. In one district, the poor people of Comorin offer to turn Christians if the Portuguese will deliver them from the oppression of the Mahomedans. Xavier himself was not even the agent in this wholesale conversion, which was effected by his predecessor Michael Vass, and which brought 20,000 souls—a much greater numerical success than any of Xavier's own—with little enough of inquiry or reflection, to the administration of the sacrament of baptism. The Apostle of the Indies had no such good fortune. If on one occasion he is made to say, in the biographies, that he "has made in one month more than 10,000 Christians," there is a strong presumption, from the context of the letter quoted, that these words are a spurious interpolation. At all events, of his method of proceeding he gives a curious, and almost too candid, account, from which it appears that, being wholly ignorant of the native tongue, and taking no

* *Life of Francis Xavier.* By Henry Venn, B.D. Longman & Co.: 1862.

pains to acquire them, he got the Creed, the Paternoster, and the Ave Maria translated for him, learned the formula by heart, and, collecting the people about him, induced them to repeat it, verse by verse, after him, asking them after each verse (for it seems he had attained just knowledge enough for that) whether they believed it. On their signifying their belief, assent, or acquiescence, in the simple form in which alone he could understand it, he added, as he says, an exhortation, apparently through an interpreter, "in which the sum of the Christian religion, and the discipline necessary to salvation, is briefly explained." This was a sufficient introduction to the privileges of the Christian covenant; and the missionary boasts that in this way, with much expenditure of breath and labour of hands, he had baptised a whole village in a single day. It appears, however, that these people had entered into alliance with the Portuguese, and that their adhesion had been cemented by a considerable distribution of gold coins. And so, in another place, where, being without an interpreter, Xavier finds himself wholly at a loss to impart even this modicum of religious instruction, "yet," he says, "I am not without work, for I want no interpreter to baptize infants just born, those which their parents bring, nor to relieve the famished and the needy who come in my way." It seems that, by a judicious expenditure among the parents, he could at all times obtain a good number, not of the parents themselves, but of their children, just born and probably dying, for a formal sprinkling.

Even under these advantages, and with these slender requirements, the successes of Xavier, according to his own genuine account, were comparatively small, and perhaps almost wholly nominal. But in the course of two years and a half he was satisfied or tired with the result, and hastened to exchange the settlements of the Portuguese in India for a more distant and more precarious sphere of labour. Mr. Venn seems to criticize justly this early abandonment or change of purpose. He regards Xavier as capricious and inconsistent in character, of strong impulses, quick transitions of feeling, liable to pass from extravagant hope to unreasonable despair. This he conceives to be the solution of many contradictions in his letters:—

He probably wrote from the impulse of the moment. He lacked, in fact, that stable confidence in the enterprise he had taken in hand which every true missionary derives from a supreme regard to the Word of God. It is impossible otherwise to reconcile his sudden abandonment of India, after so short and imperfect a trial, with his previous professions of spiritual comfort and success in his work, or his sublime appeals to men of learning and science in the Universities of Europe to become his associates, with the fact that his chief comfort was the baptism of moribund infants, and the dumb show of a crowd of adult worshippers.

In accordance with this view of the apostle's character, Mr. Venn sees, in his early abandonment of his original post, and his throwing himself into the more exciting interests of a missionary pilgrimage in the Moluccas, nothing but constitutional infirmity of purpose. We are hardly, perhaps, sufficiently acquainted with the actual circumstances to form any decided judgment, though appearances are certainly much in favour of the biographer's view. It seems, however, that now, declaring that his work was done and firmly grounded on the continent of India, Xavier was intent on visiting the settlements of the Portuguese in the Eastern Archipelago, and fixing on the spots best fitted for the establishment of future missions. His labours were mostly directed to the confirmation of the faith of the Christians from Europe; and where he extended his care to the heathen natives, it was perhaps wholly confined to those who were more or less under European influence and authority. In one place he seems to have effected the conversion of a royal family, which served no doubt as a fulcrum for further operations. Otherwise, his successes were limited, as before, to extorting dying infants from the hands of their wondering parents, and sprinkling them with the water of baptism. But after a second sojourn of eighteen months at Goa, and the more complete disposition of the Jesuit missions in the East, he made the visit to Japan upon which, as a missionary and apostle, his fame really rests. In this visit he was almost alone, and wholly unsupported by the secular power, at least from the side of the Portuguese. But, even in Japan, it will be found that, though writing sometimes more hopefully of his progress, and giving some creditable earnest of ultimate success, it was not till when, after more than one repulse from certain chiefs of the country, he was favourably encouraged by another, to whom he transferred the rich presents which had been destined for the Emperor, that he could effect any establishment of a missionary church in Japan. "His personal attempts to evangelize the natives were a failure everywhere, but he led the way for others to follow, and encouraged numbers to do so." So here he devised the plan of a Jesuit mission to Japan, chose his companions, conducted them to the country, encouraged them in their work for two years, conciliated the confidence of the King of Amungachi by his presents, and afterwards won the still more important patronage of the King of Bungo by his diplomacy, and established a political intercourse between Portugal and Japan. In other words, Xavier again erected a mission upon the treacherous foundation of secular support, though in this case it was native, and not European. With the honest intention of promoting Christianity, he introduced into the work the elements of political intrigue and complications, which soon sprang up, and choked whatever "good seed" such simple missionaries as "Paul, Cosmo, and Fernandez (his companions) were labouring to disseminate."

The later results of this mission—which Xavier, who soon returned to Goa, and died not long after, never saw—have been spoken of with

enthusiasm by many, with respect by most writers. The field was abundantly supplied with labourers, thanks to the perfect organization of the Jesuit and other societies, and vast numbers of the natives are reported to have professed the Christian faith, though Mr. Venn has great hesitation in admitting the authenticity of these accounts; and of the nature of the Christianity professed neither Protestants nor enlightened Romanists can speak with any satisfaction. But the whole story soon became overlaid with legendary romance, which strongly contrasts with the simple and prosaic character of Xavier's genuine representations. The end is soon told:—

At the close of the sixteenth century a fierce and bloody persecution commenced against Christianity, on the plea that the peace of the State was endangered. From the great number of influential persons said to have been involved in this persecution, it may be inferred that the profession of Christianity had been very widely extended; and from the length of time, amounting to forty years, for which the struggle was continued, it is evident that multitudes firmly held to their adopted faith. In the year 1637 the reigning Emperor discovered, as he affirmed, a traitorous correspondence for dethroning him, between the native Christians and the King of Portugal. He therefore issued orders for the butchery of the remnant of Christians, estimated at 37,000. This order was barbarously carried into effect. Thus the mission planted by Xavier was extinguished in blood, after existing for nearly ninety years; and this through the political power on which he had leaned in all his missionary enterprises.

This, which he has himself marked in italics, is the true moral of Mr. Venn's book, and not, as we will repeat in conclusion, the inefficacy of episcopal agency in the establishment of missionary enterprises, of which, indeed, Xavier's career furnishes little illustration.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

DR. PALLMANN'S history * of the migrations of the Goths professedly confines itself to the great national movements which preceded and led to Alaric's invasion of Italy. It enters, however, into the history of the migrations of an earlier period, for the purpose of stripping them of the honour of that name. They were no more migrations than the expeditions of the Normans in the ninth century, or of the Borneo Dyaks in the present day. They were small plundering or war parties issuing from among the lawless tribes who were settled upon the Roman frontier, and who looked upon the population of the decaying Empire as a safe and legitimate subject of depredation. The error of describing these roving incursions as great popular migrations has arisen in part from the habit of exaggerating the political organization and consistency of the vast swarms of barbarous tribes who were settled beyond the Danube. The *Germania* of Tacitus has largely helped to propagate this error. Dr. Pallmann compares the idealizing representations of that work to the pictures of the simplicity and purity of savage life, and especially of Red Indian life, which were in vogue among the literary malcontents of the eighteenth century. The natural instinct of those who live in the midst of a corrupt civilization is to idealize the virtues of barbarians. From this exaggerated notion of the political unity of the barbarians has arisen the idea that they always acted in mass. A Gothic nation was invented, and to that nation a king; and whenever an ancient author speaks of a king of the Goths, he has been set down as the king of the Goths—wielding the power and directing the movements of all the tribes who ethnologically belonged to the Gothic family. Out of the names of these kings a whole apparatus of dynasties and pedigrees has been constructed. The truth is that the kings were only the petty chieftains of small tribes or branches of tribes, whose authority was undisputed in their own localities, unless the appearance of some man of conspicuous ability, or some urgent emergency, drew the nations together in smaller or larger masses. The actual history of the book is principally confined to the career of Alaric; but throughout it there are interspersed a number of half-historical, half-ethnological disquisitions arising out of the half century which preceded his death. It is a book which contains a good deal of original thought, as well as of careful research.

After an interval of six years, the second volume of Professor Lange's *Roman Antiquities*† has appeared. The antiquities discussed are exclusively political. The work embraces the period between the Publilian laws and the fall of the Republic. Its object is to examine in detail the relative position of the various legislative powers—the Senate, the Comitia Centuriata, and the Comitia Tributa—towards each other, and the gradual growth or decline of each in power. It brings prominently forward the fact that the cause of the plebs was not the cause of the people as moderns understand the word, but only of the plebeian nobility, who sought to divide the powers and honours of the State with the ancient families. The work is not of a large size; but it represents an enormous amount of the kind of labour which is involved in collecting a connected description from a vast mass of chance allusions. It is strictly a student's book. The author in his preface is careful to disclaim any intention of writing "in a flowery or piquant style," and thoroughly keeps his word.

Dr. Brugsch has published a narrative ‡ of the travels of the Prussian commercial embassy which visited Teheran two years ago. The embassy was headed by Baron Minutoli, who died of

* *Die Geschichte der Völkerwanderung von der Gotthenbekämpfung bis zum Tode Alarichs.* Von Dr. R. Pallmann. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

† *Römische Alterthümer.* Von L. Lange. Zweiter Band. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

‡ *Reise der K. Preussischen Gesandtschaft nach Persien, 1860 and 1861.* Von Dr. H. Brugsch. Leipzig: Heinrich. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

the fever of the country seven months after his arrival. Five months later the embassy was withdrawn; so that Dr. Brugesch, who accompanied it in the quality of Secretary, only had a year's experience of the country. They travelled through the Caucasus, and the newly acquired Russian province to the south of it. They were resident for some time in Teheran, and afterwards travelled to various places in the country—Ispahan, Shiraz, Hamadan, and Demavend. The tale of their experiences is agreeably told, and they were not unobservant travellers. But they were in the country too short a time, and were too unfamiliar with its language and manners, to acquire any novel information. It is adorned with a number of engravings from drawings and photographs made upon the spot.

The third volume of Professor Klöder's *Handbook of Geography** has appeared. It is a portly and laborious work, advancing very slowly towards its completion. The descriptions are not geographical in our limited sense of the word. They give an account not only of the natural features and principal towns of each country, but also of buildings, social and political institutions, revenues, produce, and so forth. It has been compiled with great industry; but it presents those marks of careless revision which are so common in German books. The present volume covers Asia, Australia, Africa, and America. It is issued with a preface dated September 1862, yet, as far as the description of America is concerned (and it is the latest portion of the book), the work was evidently composed in 1860, and has not been looked at since. The army is still given as consisting of 18,000 men, the navy of thirty-four ships. The Budget of 1859 is detailed as a specimen of the income and expenditure of the United States; and all the circumstances of each part of the country are described as if it were reposing in the profoundest peace. But much of the information is still more antiquated. The author does not seem to have seen the census of 1860, or to have cared to wait for it, and calmly takes all his statistics from the census of ten years before. The information contained in the rest of the book is not capable of such easy verification; but if it is constructed upon the same principles, its utility will be small.

The life of Wessenberg, who died eight years ago, has appeared from the pen of Dr. Beck.† He was an important man, not so much for what he did—for his enemies were, in the main, too strong for him—as for the spirit he represented. He belonged to the school of moderate and liberal Roman Catholics, who have long formed a strong party in the south-west of Germany. He was born in 1774, and took orders about the time that Germany began to be involved in the effects of the revolutionary outbreak in France. The scene of activity which procured him his celebrity was the diocese of Constance, which extends partly over Swiss and partly over German territory. He obtained a canonry in the Cathedral of Constance, and when his friend Dahlberg obtained the bishopric, he received the appointment of first Vicar-General, and then of Coadjutor. It was in this situation that he made an effort to reform his Church. It was only on a small scale; but so far as it went he was successful. The improvements which he introduced into the government of the diocese, and the education of the clergy, are chiefly matters of detail. But that which attracted the most attention was his effort to purge the Roman service of what he esteemed its worst superstitions. He abolished all the forms of exorcism which were included in the breviary of the diocese, and forbade any priest to exorcise a supposed energumen without special leave of the Bishop. Curiously enough, he found that the Protestants of his diocese were almost as angry at the change as the Roman Catholics, for they had always been in the habit of betaking themselves to the priest whenever they imagined that their relations or their cattle were bewitched. His next step was to introduce German prayers and hymns into the service, and to provide that no mass should be celebrated without an exposition of the Scriptures, in German, to the congregation. The next reform was more daring. He ordered the mass itself to be translated from the Latin, and to be said uniformly in German. To give effect to all these changes, he compiled a book of common prayer in the vernacular, published it, and ordered it to be used in his diocese. These things were naturally very unacceptable to the Ultramontanes. But the greater part of the reforms were promulgated in the times of the French Empire, when the Pope was comfortably housed at Fontainebleau, and the Conclave was in no condition to conduct a satisfactory persecution. Shortly after the Restoration, however, his friend and patron, the Bishop, died. The Chapter of Constance unanimously elected the Coadjutor to the see. The Government of Baden approved, and the nomination was sent to Rome. A brief returned, admonishing the Chapter to make a more orthodox choice. The Grand Duke refused to allow the brief to be promulgated within his dominions; and the Chapter, under his instructions, returned their former nomination unaltered to the Pope. The strife continued for some time; and at last, seeing no prospect of an issue, Wessenberg took a journey himself to Rome. With the greatest difficulty he obtained a statement of the grounds on which he had been denounced. But after a long delay, he found that no exculpation of himself would suffice. The one thing required of him was an unconditional submission, and an acceptance of the plenary authority of the Pope. Refusing to obtain peace on these terms, he returned to Constance without

* *Handbuch der Erdkunde*. Von G. H. von Klöder. Dritter Band. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

† *Freiherr J. Heinrich von Wessenberg. Sein Leben und Wirken*. Von Dr. J. Beck. Freiburg: Wagner. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

obtaining his confirmation as Bishop, and continued to administer the diocese as Vicar-General. As long as he was supported by the Grand Duke, this attitude of defiance was easy to maintain; for all the free thought of Germany was on his side. But in course of time his protector died; and he found, after a few years, that the fight was no longer sustainable. After his resignation of his ecclesiastical office, he was returned to the Baden Parliament, and sat there as member for some years. But in the triumph of *Junkerthum* which took place in the year 1833, he was thought too liberal to be tolerated, and was forced to resign. From that time till his death, in 1854, he took no more part in public affairs, except as an author. Besides the interest attaching to his efforts to reform the Roman Church, the biography throws many lights upon the history of the time, and the men with whom Wessenberg came in contact. There are some curious accounts of interviews with the first Napoleon, and also with the present Emperor when a boy. His conversations with Cardinal Consalvi are interesting. The following, on the appointment of a new batch of Cardinals, shows that Consalvi thought that the badness of the ecclesiastical government was too notorious to be worth concealing:—

One day, after the secret consistory, to which he had given me a card of entry, and in which many new Cardinals had been "precanonized," he said to me in allusion to some of them, "Do you see those blockheads? It was necessary to admit them, in order to have at our disposal the place they occupy in the administration." I expressed my astonishment that so many Cardinals should have been named who were known to be hostile to him. "What would you have?" he replied. "The interest of the State ought to prevail. They have been made Cardinals in order to get them out of their offices."

Professor Ebertz, of Breslau, has published a life of Lord Byron*, pleasantly and easily written. It is drawn, of course, from sources with which the English reader is thoroughly familiar, and therefore contains nothing which should make him prefer a German to an English biography. But it deserves to be popular among the author's own countrymen.

Of pamphlets, we have first, *A Word towards the Reconciliation of Austria and Hungary*.† The author's suggestion for this purpose is that Austria should admit all Hungary's claims, and that Hungary, in turn, should be content to repeal the laws of 1848, which are inconsistent with the maintenance of the Empire as it exists. If Austria would begin by restoring Hungary to her existing rights, the author has no doubt that the political wisdom of the people of Hungary would lead them immediately to repeal the unwise laws of 1848. The King of Hungary will then reign at Ofen; Hungary will become the chief part of the monarchy; a great Hungarian Empire will be formed; and the Hungarians will generously take the interests of Austria under their protection. Such is the author's plan. Every one has his own idea of a reconciliation.

The writer of *A Possible Solution of European Complications*,‡ is scarcely less sanguine. He thinks that all the existing troubles and dangers of Europe might be averted by the following simple means. Constitutional Governments are to be everywhere established, nobilities of caste on the Continental type done away with, the conscription universally abolished, armaments reduced and taxes lowered, and Europe consolidated into a confederation of States, who shall refer to the decision of a common arbitrating tribunal all the differences that may arise among them. Every one has his own idea of a possible solution.

The Military Question and the Diet§ is a pamphlet written in the interest of the present Government of Prussia, to prove, out of the Prussian *Hansard*, that the increase of estimates which has recently been refused by the Lower house was universally contemplated and acknowledged as necessary two years ago.

M. Lothar Bucher has published a series|| of amusing letters, contributed to one of the German newspapers upon the subject of the late Exhibition. The bitterness of a political refugee, which so strongly flavoured his *Bilder aus der Fremde*, has been in no way sweetened by the lapse of years. But in him it takes the strange form of satirizing, not the land which drove him forth, but the land which has adopted him. It is a good thing to see ourselves as others see us; and therefore we should recommend any Englishman who is afflicted with an undue national complacency to study M. Bucher's sardonic version of our character and policy. It is not very easy to discover what our offence is in his eyes. Partly it seems to be that we have contrived to reconcile freedom and good government with a great inequality of conditions—a state of things which, as being a sort of pirated copy of Liberalism, is very displeasing to the democrats of the Continent. Partly, however, his indignation appears to flow from the passion which, in common with some other extreme Radicals, he has recently conceived for Austria. He is very spiteful upon the way in which England encourages the doctrines of nationality everywhere except in her own possessions; and exceedingly bitter upon English claims to philanthropy and civilization. He envies for Germany England's colonial empire, but is very eager to warn France

* *Lord Byron. Eine Biographie von Dr. Felix Ebertz*. Leipzig: Herzl. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

† *Eine Wort zur Verständigung Österreichs mit Ungarn*. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

‡ *Mögliche Lösung der Europäischen Verwickelungen. Vom Verfasser der Aufzeichnungen aus den Jahren 1848-50*. Zurich: Meyer. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

§ *Die Militairfrage und der Landtag in den Jahren 1860-61*. Berlin: Decker. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

|| *Die Industrie Ausstellung von 1862*. Von L. Bucher. Berlin: Gerschel. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

not to let us carry it too far, or extend our "monotonous civilization and our Prayer-book" over all parts of the world. Why the iron of the Prayer-book has entered so deep into his soul it is difficult to guess. His bitterness, however, lends an agreeable vivacity to a series of letters which, from the amount of catalogue-work they contain, would naturally be dry. Whenever M. Bucher thinks that he has tried the patience of his readers too long by hard words and hard numbers, he takes an amusing fling at English taste or English manners by way of recreation. The Exhibition itself naturally furnishes him with an abundance of very serviceable material. His theory of the world-famous ugliness of the building is, that the public in general never saw anything but its back. Instead of being built to make the best appearance as the building of the Exhibition of 1862, it was built entirely with a view to its subsequent use. The Horticultural Society had a mysterious influence over its construction; and accordingly, looked at from the Gardens, its front was absolutely tolerable, and even the domes lost a portion of their hideousness. His political views show themselves curiously throughout the whole performance. He is very indignant with the police regulation by which a preference in the arrangements was given to carriages over cabs; and also with the exclusiveness manifested by the setting apart of five-shilling days for well-dressed visitors. He carries his hatred of the aristocracy beyond the bounds of decency sometimes. A little inquiry might have saved him from suggesting that a portion of the money paid for tickets was appropriated by the Duke of Buckingham for his own personal use; and his gibes upon the subject of the bodily infirmities of the Prime Minister go a little beyond the licence of political hostility.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a letter from Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, with reference to the article in our last week's number entitled, "Railway Literature and the Demi-Monde," in which they request us to obviate an erroneous and injurious inference which may possibly, as they apprehend, be drawn from the language of that article. As proprietors of the majority of the Railway bookstalls in England, they wish it to be known that they have had no share in giving circulation to the worthless and immoral production on which we commented. They refused to purchase, and do not sell, "The Lady of the Pearls;" neither do they sell the notorious "Lady with the Camellias." We have great pleasure in performing this act of justice to a firm which has been long and honourably known for its enterprising and successful endeavours to provide cheap and wholesome literature for the most numerous class of readers.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, Sole Lessees. On Monday, December 22, THE PURITAN'S DAUGHTER. On Tuesday, 23, LOVE'S TRIUMPH. On Boxing Night, 25, and Saturday, 27, to commence with the 2nd and 3rd Acts of THE BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, after which the Grand Comic Pantomime entitled HARLEQUIN BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, or, THE GIRL IN THE GLASS CHINA HOUSE, in three scenes. Transformation Scene by W. Colcott. A Morning Performance of the Pantomime every Wednesday at Two o'clock. On and after Boxing Night, December 26. Doors open at half-past Six, commence at Seven. Box Office open daily. No Charge for Booking.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.—Christmas Week.—Special Performance.—The celebrated and original Christy's Minstrels will appear at St. James's Hall, every Evening at Eight (except on Christmas-day), and on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday Afternoons at Three o'clock. Proprietor, W. P. COLLINS. Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street, and at Austin's, 78 Piccadilly. The Box Office is open daily from Eleven till Five o'clock.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—Winter Exhibition of Sketches and Studies by the Members. Now open, at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East, from Nine till Dusk. Admission, One Shilling.

JOS. J. JENKINS, Secretary.

MR. JOHN LEECH'S GALLERY of SKETCHES in OIL, from Subjects in "PUNCH," with several new Pictures not hitherto exhibited, is open every day, from Ten till Dusk, illuminated with gas, at the Auction Mart, near the Bank. Admission, One Shilling.

WINTER EXHIBITION.—120 Pall Mall.—The TENTH ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION of CABINET PICTURES by living British Artists is now open daily, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission, One Shilling. Catalogue, 1s.

BEDFORD'S PHOTOGRAPHS of the EAST, taken during the tour in which, by command, he accompanied H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in Egypt, the Holy Land, and Syria, Constantinople, the Mediterranean, Athens, &c. Exhibited by permission, and names of subscribers received at the German Gallery, 105 New Bond Street, daily from Ten till Dusk. Admittance, One Shilling.

EXTEMPORE SPEAKING.—Mr. D'ORSEY's First Lecture (free) will be Delivered at the City of London College, Leadenhall Street, on Monday, 2nd Inst., at 1 o'clock. Practical Class for Clergymen at 3s., for Laymen at 3s. 4d.

TOUR of TRAVEL.—A Beneficed Clergyman who has travelled much on the Continent, and has the advantage of a Medical Degree—is desirous of making an extensive tour there in the Spring and Summer, and of subsequently visiting the United States. Would any two young Noblemen or Gentlemen whose parents might wish them to travel, Referrences to his Diocesan and others, and references required.—Address, M.A., Post Office, Mansfield.

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.—JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.—At the close of the Christmas Vacation, the JUVENILE DEPARTMENT will be opened under a Head Master, with the superintendence and control of the Principal. The Studies of this Department will be so arranged that it may serve a preparation both to the Classical and Modern Departments, and especial attention will be paid to English, to the rudiments of Latin and French, and to Writing and Arithmetic.

A small portion of the College Buildings, with separate entrance, will be assigned to Boys of this Department, and a separate Boarding House divided off for their exclusive use. A Juvenile Boarding House will also be opened specially.

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All expenses of education and fees, which will be somewhat lower than those paid in the Lower Classes of the General School, may be had by application to the Secretary, W. L. BAIN, Esq., at the College.

ALFRED BARRY, Principal.

THE PRIVATE CHAPLAIN to a NOBLEMAN will have VACANCIES for TWO PUPILS after Christmas.—For particulars, address Rev. A. B. Lathe Park, Oswestry.

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A detailed Prospectus, containing Syllabuses of all the Courses of Lectures, and all other information, arrangements for boarding, &c., may be obtained by application to the Director.

The School will open in the First Week in February, 1863.

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This Association is entirely conducted by Graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, SUPPLIED WITH MATURE SCIENTIFIC and PRACTICAL TUTORS from the Universities. For Foreign Tutors apply to the Foreign Secretary. Particulars may be had at the Company's Offices, No. 9 Pall Mall East, S.W. Office hours from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

E. B. LOMER, M.A., Secretary.

VACATION TUITION for WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, and FARNBOROUGH HILL, Surrey.—Physician, Dr. E. W. LANDELL, M.A., M.D., Edin. Direct Commissions, University of London, &c. Examinations.—Candidates desirous to obtain extra INSTRUCTION in the subjects required for the above, will find it duty attendance to obtain extra Masters in the Highest Mathematics and Classics, German, French, Italian, Geometrical or Drawing, Natural and Experimental Science, at the Civil Service and Military College, Principal A. D. SPRANGE, M.A., 12 Princes Square, Baywater, W.

HOSPITAL for CONSUMPTION and DISEASES of the CHEST.—Brompton, S.W., supported by Voluntary Contributions.—Liberal and continuous support is required to meet the current expenses of this Charity.

PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec.

HENRY DOBBIN, Sec.

HYDROPATHIC SANATORIUM, SUDBROOK PARK, Farnborough Hill, Surrey.—Physician, Dr. E. W. LANDELL, M.A., M.D., Edin.

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The Saturday Review.

A.D. 1720.

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